

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE
MACLEAN'S

January 15, 1950

Ten Cents

THE CASE AGAINST BOXING
—THE SPORT THAT KILLS

Bruce Hutchison Says
"I Hate the Country"

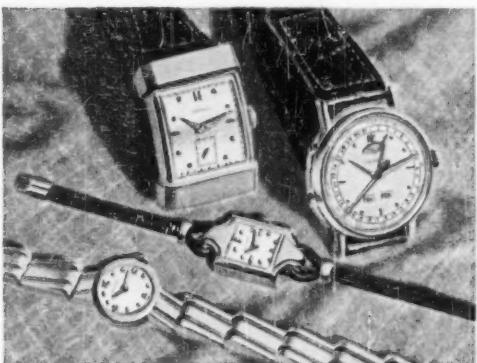
Eighteen other articles, stories and features



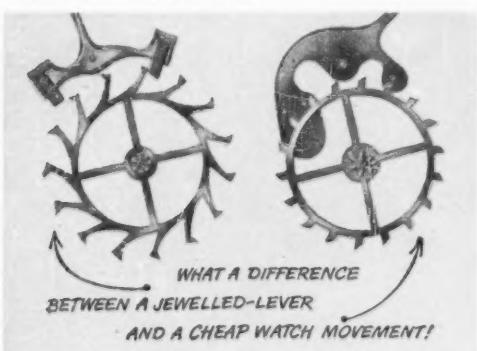


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The WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND



EDITORIALS

It's Time Our Hired Hands Stopped Their Quarreling

LET'S GET over the habit of saying that "the Dominion" and "the provinces" are having a conference in Ottawa. It's a handy figure of speech, but it's a vice. It perpetuates the worst of all the false ideas Canadians hold about their country.

Dominion and provinces are the same thing. One includes the other. You can no more have a meeting between Dominion and provinces than between faggot and sticks, or 12 and a dozen.

What does go on at Ottawa this week is a meeting between 10 provincial premiers on the one hand and two or three federal ministers on the other. All are professional politicians, elected by the same voters at different times. Each tends to keep a jealous eye on his own prerogatives and status and sometimes an envious eye on the other fellow's.

Canada has suffered before from the mutual sensitivity of these gentlemen. Off and on, over the last 75 years, we have had a great many federal-provincial conferences. Most of them have failed.

They've failed because the hired help that we citizens of Canada employ can't get on with

each other. Those we hire at federal elections don't seem to be able to work with the ones we hire at provincial elections, and vice versa.

This week our assorted employees are tackling a difficult task for which none of them, so far, has suggested a method. The difficulty is admitted. If this conference cannot, after honest effort, find a suitable way of amending the British North America Act in provincial matters, we voters can't complain. The work can go on, the conference can be reconvened, and what we don't get now we shall get next time.

But if it fails, as the last one did, because our employees behave like the leaders of sovereign states, trying to make treaties with each other as if we their employers did not exist, then we shall have a complaint.

We Canadians have stood about enough of this. The fact that Canada still has to run to mother to have her constitutional buttons done up is a national shame and we have a right to expect serious, self-effacing efforts to remove it. If the politicians would rather insult each other and go home we ought to think about hiring ourselves a new set of politicians.

Colonial Lays a Smoke Screen

IN VIEW OF all the nasty publicity Canada has had in some United States newspapers it might be well to restate the facts of the Colonial Airways case. It angered some Americans that our Air Transport Board had the temerity to question the monopoly of a U. S. airline on the Montreal-New York run.

Last June Canada and the United States signed an air agreement, each giving valuable concessions to the other. Canada gave American lines the right to take passengers and freight to Newfoundland, for one thing, thus sacrificing a rich monopoly for TCA. In return Canada got the right to establish a TCA service from Montreal to New York, hitherto the preserve of Colonial Airways.

Canada's concession to the United States went into effect immediately. The United States' concession to Canada hadn't gone into effect when this was written, because Colonial Airways prevented it. It got an injunction in United States courts preventing the issuance of an operating license to TCA, meanwhile suing to have the whole air agreement judicially denounced as unconstitutional and invalid.

Colonial Airways had, of course, a perfect

right to do this if it wanted to. Any American citizen, or corporation, can go to court; so can any Canadian. But in this case Colonial was in one court and country attacking the air agreement as invalid while assuming in another country that the agreement was not only valid but sacred.

Canada was left with one half of a bargain, which is no bargain at all. Colonial Airways' operating license in Canada depends on the same air agreement Colonial is denouncing in the United States. Under the circumstances it seemed logical and reasonable to suggest that if a document is worthless in one country it can bear no fruits in another. Colonial Airways was, in fact, frustrating the very agreement from which it exacted full benefit for itself.

Canada waited patiently for one U. S. court to decide if Colonial's attack on the agreement had any merit under U. S. law. The court decided it hadn't—threw out Colonial's argument. Then the decision was appealed, which meant a further delay of at least a year before Canada could begin to collect any of her share of the air bargain. Canada decided this had gone on long enough.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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PROGRESS IN THE FIGHT AGAINST TUBERCULOSIS

THE OUTLOOK for controlling tuberculosis grows brighter each year. In fact the death rate from this disease has declined more than 80 per cent since 1900 and more than one third from 1940 through 1948.

Authorities emphasize, however, that continued improvement in the mortality from tuberculosis depends upon finding every case, treating it promptly, and preventing the spread of infection to others. They also hope that further technological developments will prove valuable in the treatment of this disease.



Efforts toward early discovery

New tuberculosis cases are being discovered in greater numbers than heretofore as a result of modern diagnostic techniques. In fact, during the past 8 years, the number of new cases actually reported increased by nearly one third. This reflects the progress that physicians, health authorities, and others are making in their efforts to discover tuberculosis early. For example, thousands of people in our country are now being X-rayed each year to help protect themselves and their families,



In addition to X-rays, other diagnostic aids such as tuberculin tests and fluoroscopic examinations make

it possible to discover tuberculosis in its early stages and commence treatment before it spreads.

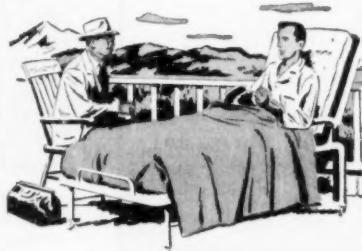
Old and New Weapons help in the fight

Rest in bed, preferably in a sanatorium or tuberculosis hospital, is still considered to be an important method of treatment. The use of surgery in some tuberculosis cases has proved to be beneficial; in fact there are now several operations which may, under proper conditions, help give diseased lung areas extra rest.



There is evidence that the next great advance against tuberculosis may come through treatment with new drugs. One type has already been used successfully in some forms of the disease. Other promising drugs are being tested in the laboratory.

Experiments with a vaccine offer the hope that its use will help certain individuals to build resistance against this disease.



If tuberculosis is discovered early, and treated promptly and properly, there is an excellent chance that it can be controlled. In this event the patient who carefully follows his doctor's advice and adjusts his living habits accordingly can generally return to a nearly normal life.

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In the Editors' Confidence



Norris unmasked by Norris. From a turbulent brain come wacky, wispy people.

LEN NORRIS, who illustrated Edwin Rutt's story "Tallyho Toronto" on pages 10 and 11, has been creating these fine frenzied line drawings for this magazine for the last three years. You've seen his wacky, wispy people peering out from behind the columns of the Mailbag and looking as whimsical as the fairies in the bottom of Bea Lillie's garden.

His larger pieces, like this one, have always been as good reading for us as the story itself. We think Len Norris is one of the freshest and funniest Canadian artists at work today.

Outside of one year's instruction in the evenings at the Ontario College of Art, he taught himself to draw. He learned to play the harmonica, mandolin and violin in the same way.

Norris was born in London in 1913 in the general vicinity of Dick Whittington's birthplace. He's been a Canadian these last 23 years.

On leaving high school he worked as a draftsman for an architect, then for a civil engineering firm. Later he became manager of a coal dock. He was back at his drawing board in an advertising agency when war broke out, and he trained at Barriefield on motorcycles which up to this point he had enjoyed riding on week ends.

When the army was looking for

an editor for a magazine devoted to maintenance, someone told them about Lt. Norris and he returned to his drawing board over which he crouched in Ottawa for the rest of the war as the originator and later editor of *CAM*.

Until recently he has been art editor of Canadian Homes and Gardens, a Maclean-Hunter publication. He now lives in Vancouver with his wife and two sons, Steven, 9, and John, 6, where he is staff artist for the Sun.

● Bernard the Fox (no relation to Reynard) who stars in the short story, "Tallyho Toronto," is the creation of Edwin Rutt who last summer, momentarily at least, reversed the flow of talent at the U. S. border. A Princeton graduate, Rutt has come to live in Canada.

Ed Rutt, who is lean and serious-looking, seems at first glance to be the writer most unlikely to write a story about a zany fox hunt through the staid heart of Toronto.

Nurtured in the advertising business, he became a free-lance writer and lived in England, Australia, France, and Bermuda. Last fall, while living at King in the Toronto suburbs, he watched pink coats, top hats, and tearful hounds view-hallooing the Ontario landscape. The story of Bernie is the result.



FRANKLIN ARBUCKLE asked a painter of abstracts, fresh from Paris, to collaborate with him in this cover. "He said he would come Wednesday, turned up Friday. He spent the day cooking lunch and dinner and taking a nap. By 10 that night we got to work after he had gone around the studio sneering at some of my work in progress. He said when he was finished that he would sue me if his part of the picture was altered." The initials "db" are no clue to this individualist's identity. They are the initials of our art editor, added by Mr. Arbuckle after a nervous look over his shoulder to make sure his helper had gone.

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make door keys
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refinish floor
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paint over chipped
paint
shingle or reroof
weatherproof
get house ready for
winter or summer
build window
cornices
stucco outside

build bookcases
make screens
cut, hang wallpaper
build home repair
center
plaster walls
convert attic
install shower
replace corrugated pipe
install new lighting
fixtures

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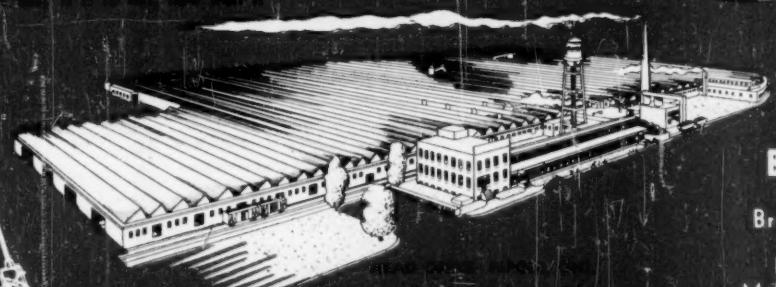
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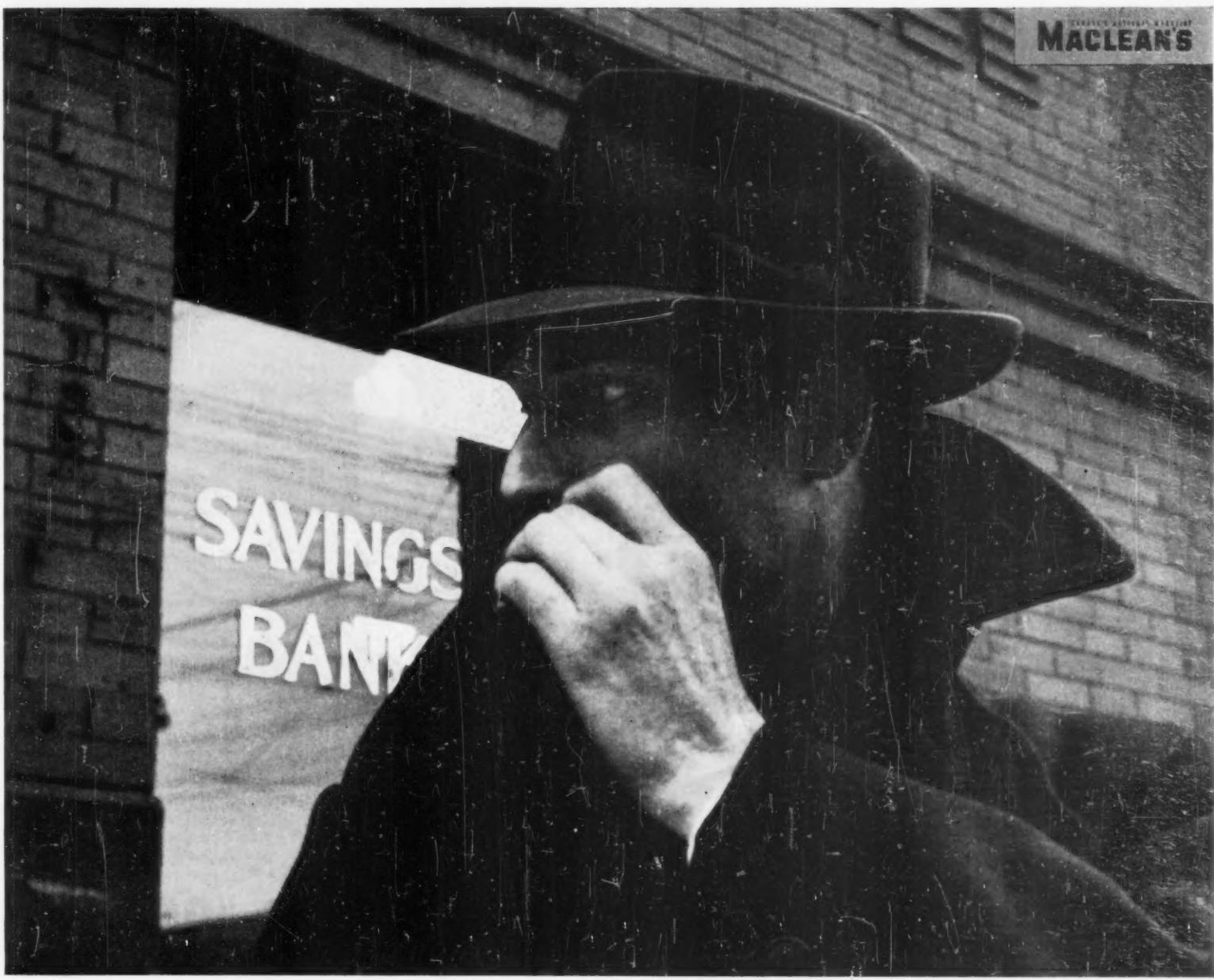


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PANDA

HOW I ROBBED A BANK

**"The worst time was when the guy delivered the guns . . ."
Here's the story of a Canadian who learned crime does not pay, step by step, right up to the penitentiary gates**

As Told to ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

THE day I held up a bank I woke up with my stomach in such a knot that I sat around for an hour in my dressing gown trying to slow down my nerves by working at a jigsaw puzzle. It was called "The Last Journey." I should have taken that title as a hint.

The journey I was going to take that day was only across six feet of Toronto's frozen, sunlit sidewalk, between a parked car and a bank door; but it had to be retraced slowly and painfully, year by year, through the wreckage of a wasted life. Those five or six steps were going to take me right into another world, where, in five minutes of crashing gunfire, I was to see everything I knew come to an end—decency, security, peace of mind, self-respect; all the hopes and ambitions that had once been me.

But I didn't know that then. All I knew was that I was out of a job in the middle of the depression, that I had some business schemes that might work out if I could get some capital; that all I needed was a few thousand bucks—fast.

I knew I was going to do something wrong—something I'd be ashamed of. But I'd thought about it too long. You can talk yourself into anything if you think about it long enough. Finally, any kind of decision seems better than going around on a mental merry-go-round. I've seen men waiting to be hanged think about it so much that they finally said, "To hell with it!"—and forgot about it.

I'd reached that point. I'd decided to do it "just once." And I'd decided *Continued on page 44*

You've got to get a new model
budget to cope with the
leaping cost of eating. Let our
expert tell you exactly how much
you should spend on what



YOU NEED A NEW BUDGET FOR 1950

CARTOON BY WINTER

By SIDNEY MARGOLIUS

A CHEMIST who works for a large Ontario firm groaned the other day that he makes twice as much money as before the war, but can't save a penny of it.

They weren't eating or dressing any better, he said. They were paying more rent but certainly it was no larger percentage of his income than they spent in 1940. But his wife somehow had to keep dipping into their health-care reserves to meet current bills, with the unanswerable argument that eating is healthy too.

Of course he knew the cost of living had soared, but certainly not that much. What was wrong?

What most people struggling with budgets today don't realize is that not only has the cost of living zoomed, but they can no longer afford to spend their money in the same proportions as before the war.

Before 1940 many Canadian families spent about 25%-30% of their money for food, 20-25% for rent, and so on. That was considered good budgeting. But you can't do it today.

The fact is that the cost of eating has risen far more than any other expense you have, much more in most cases than rent, more than clothing, furniture, having a tooth pulled, riding on streetcars or going to the movies.

If you made \$28 a week before the war and paid the typical \$24 a month for a flat or semiattached house, don't think for a moment you can lay out \$40 on rent on a postwar stipend of possibly \$50 a week. And if willy-nilly you're paying the \$40 or more demanded for recently built quarters you just can't eat as well as before the war.

At the request of Maclean's I have constructed a set of budgets (see box on next page) tailored to postwar living costs which will guide you toward a more realistic allocation of your money than traditional budget figures based on prewar prices.

Let's first understand there's no budget that will fit all families any more than any one hat will fit every man. You've seen couples on New Year's Day armed with a set of standard budget figures, pencils and grim courage, vowing this year they will budget. They give it up in about three weeks because the fun is gone from spending, the budget is too rigid, it never balances with the outgo anyway. You have to consider sample budgets merely material for tailoring your own.

Many families make the mistake of overestimating actual income. "Why, I'm making twice as much as before the war," says some individual in a threadbare suit. He forgets he didn't pay taxes then. In fact, only 230,000 Canadian families had dealings with the income tax collectors before the war; now about 2 millions tithe their earnings to the Government. Preen yourself as you will,

but for budget purposes at least count only your net income after all taxes and other payroll deductions.

The vital thing to remember in any spending plan for 1950 is not merely that it takes more dollars to buy food these days, but a much higher percentage of your income. In 1938 the Dominion Bureau of Statistics made a study of a number of Canadian families to find out where their money went. The average family of 4.6 persons spent about \$28 a week in this way: Food, 31% (\$8.79); Rent, 19% (\$5.30); Clothing, 12% (\$3.35); Home furnishings and services, 9% (\$2.50); Fuel and light, 6% (\$1.70); Miscellaneous, 23% (\$6.45).

That Rent Hike Looming

TODAY that family needs about \$45 to buy the same goods and services, but because of the disproportionate rise in the various expenses, here's approximately how it would spend the money: Food, 40% (\$18); Rent, 15.5% (\$7); Clothing, 13% (\$5.75); Home furnishings and services, 8.5% (\$3.75); Fuel and light, 5% (\$2.25); Miscellaneous, 18% (\$8.25).

The new-decade budgets on page 7 do reflect the new relative status of these items. But for rent we've allowed a little extra in our budgets—more even than the Government's official price index so far has indicated is necessary. For one thing,

many as 1,500,000 Canadian families now face rent hikes as the result of the Government's recent action in loosening controls; these could total as much as 18%-22%. For another, statisticians agree it's hard for any index to fully reflect such hidden increases as reduced services, the fact tenants do more repairs for themselves these days, the fact that some have to pay extra bonuses for shelter, and so on.

The food allotment in these 1950 budgets is based on a recent survey by Maclean's ("Would You Live Better in the U. S.?" Aug. 1) which showed it's possible even at today's prices to feed a family of three adequate, attractive meals on a little less than \$5.50 a person a week. That sum permits meat at six main meals a week, including such favorites as roast beef, round steak and roast pork; it allows four glasses of milk a day for a child, two for grownups; six eggs for each person; ice cream for dessert twice. It does assume most meals will be eaten at home and Pop's lunch prepared at home.

An austerity program? Not necessarily. A number of economies are often possible in the buying and preparation of food that won't affect either attractiveness or nutritional value of meals. Certainly it's for the better that the whole family shift rather than that the women continue to feed their men hearty meals but reduce the quality of their own food to a nutritiously dangerous level. Most surveys have found that women and girls suffer malnutrition more frequently than men and boys.

The most frequent leak budget consultants find, when they scrutinize the spending of people in financial hot water, is meat. Many eat large portions with the assurance that meat is good for you. It is, but just a quarter pound of lean meat is all that's required for a nutritionally adequate portion. Moreover, eggs, cheese and fish are nutritionally interchangeable with meat, and—important to a budgeting family—have gone up much less.

In 1946, before price controls were removed, a Canadian wage earner could buy almost two pounds of round steak with his typical hour's pay of 70 cents. Now he earns close to \$1 but can buy only about a pound and a half with it. But in 1946 his hour's pay bought 15 eggs, and in 1949, during the comparable season, it bought 20 eggs. And he can still buy as much cheese with the hour's work.

Big bills for bacon are a particular cause of meat overspending. Surveys show that moderate-income families don't eat as many expensive roasts as those with fatter wallets, but they do eat as much bacon. In most homes it's the most widely used meat. The bacon-drooler generally believes he's getting meat's high nutrition, but food experts say no, bacon must be counted a fat, not a meat.

If you're out to buy most nutrition for your family at least cost, this is roughly the way you ought to spend your food money nowadays:

| | |
|-------------------------------|------|
| Fruits and vegetables..... | 24% |
| Milk and cheese..... | 18% |
| Butter, other fats, oils..... | 9% |
| Meat, fish, eggs..... | 36% |
| Flour, cereal products..... | 8.5% |
| Sugar, syrups, beverages..... | 4.5% |

But if you check the food bills of 10 of your friends I'll bet you a pork chop you'll find eight of them spending 40%-50% of their food money for meat alone.

A family that finds it irksome to budget so much for meat, so much for vegetables, might simply follow a policy of buying fruits, vegetables, milk, eggs and staples first, and then spend what's left of its food money for meat.

A family of four living on \$45 or less generally cannot afford to spend \$5.50 a person for food but will have to rely more on cereal products, dry beans and peas, and the cheaper vegetables than the above food-dollar breakdown calls for. That family must also expect to devote more time to food preparation. Stews take time; roasts take money. Which have you got the most of?

There's one important *Continued on page 47*

STREAMLINED BUDGETS FOR 1950

HERE ARE the 1950 budgets tailored by Sidney Margolius to keep pace with the soaring cost of eating. He has based his budgets on a family of four in three different income brackets; you can easily scale his figures up or down to meet your own circumstances.

FOR A NET INCOME OF \$45 A WEEK

| Item | | | |
|---------------------------------|---------|------|--|
| Food | \$18.00 | 40% | |
| Rent or Home Expense | 7.50 | 16.5 | |
| Fuel and Light | 2.25 | 5 | |
| Clothing | 5.75 | 13 | |
| Home Furnishings, Repairs | 2.25 | 5 | |
| Medical Care | 2.25 | 5 | |
| Personal Care | 1.50 | 3.25 | |
| Transportation | 1.50 | 3.25 | |
| Recreation, Advancement | 2.00 | 4.5 | |
| Insurance and Savings | 2.00 | 4.5 | |
| | <hr/> | | |
| | \$45.00 | 100% | |

FOR A NET INCOME OF \$60 A WEEK

| Item | | | |
|---------------------------------|---------|------|--|
| Food | \$20.00 | 33% | |
| Rent or Home Expense | 9.50 | 16 | |
| Fuel and Light | 3.25 | 5.5 | |
| Clothing | 6.50 | 11 | |
| Home Furnishings, Repairs | 4.50 | 7.5 | |
| Medical Care | 3.50 | 6 | |
| Personal Care | 2.00 | 3 | |
| Transportation | 2.25 | 3.5 | |
| Recreation, Advancement | 3.50 | 6 | |
| Insurance and Savings | 5.00 | 8.5 | |
| | <hr/> | | |
| | \$60.00 | 100% | |

FOR A NET INCOME OF \$80 A WEEK

| Item | | | |
|---------------------------------|---------|------|--|
| Food | \$22.00 | 27.5 | |
| Rent or Home Expense | 13.50 | 17 | |
| Fuel and Light | 3.50 | 4.5 | |
| Clothing | 8.50 | 10.5 | |
| Home Furnishings, Repairs | 5.50 | 7 | |
| Medical Care | 4.00 | 5 | |
| Personal Care | 2.50 | 3 | |
| Transportation | 2.50 | 3 | |
| Recreation, Advancement | 8.00 | 10 | |
| Insurance and Savings | 10.00 | 12.5 | |
| | <hr/> | | |
| | \$80.00 | 100% | |



A.P.

While the crowd roars, a man is dying. Sam Baroudi was knocked out by champion Ezzard Charles one night in 1948. Next morning he was dead.

THE SPORT dignified by the name boxing is no sport at all, but in its worst aspects is a vicious, man-destroying racket. It's a racket that often seduces clean-cut, healthy kids with the promise of glory and easy money, squeezes blood money out of them, and then callously tosses them aside, broken physically, mentally or morally.

Mention of the Marquis of Queensberry rules sounds fine and sporting, but it can't hide the fact that too often in the fight racket it's "anything for a buck." Anything, including manslaughter.

I know about these things because I used to be in the fight game. It fascinated me and I liked to wander through its smoky half-world collecting characters. For six years I was part of the racket, first as a paid Press agent and later as sports writer and sports editor. I became an intimate of promoters, managers, fighters, trainers, the grifters, the punch-drunk, the riff and the raff.

Eventually I sickened of it. Now I'm ready to blow the whistle on it and I want to make it shrill.

In the United States and Canada boxing is an \$18 million-a-year industry, paying much of its dividends to chiseling and sometimes unsavory noncombatants.

Kids become fighters, not to make wages, but to make big money. Though they dream of million-dollar gates they're lucky if they can make coffee and cakes. The annual income of the rank-and-file fighter in the United States is about \$500. In Canada it is much less; even main-eventers here can't live on their ring earnings alone.

If they don't get money, what do the fighters get out of it?

Some are killed outright in the ring. Thirteen fighters died of ring injuries in 1948 in North America, nine in 1947 and 11 in 1946. In the first 11 months of 1949 seven more were killed.

The Sport That Kills

By RAY GARDNER

Boxing is not a sport but a vicious racket, says this former Vancouver sports editor. He calls for a new national commission to put an end to the slaughter and shame of the cash rings

These, in a sense, are the lucky ones. They are luckier, for instance, than the punch-drunk fighters whose brains have been so pulverized they must be confined in mental institutions.

According to the American Medical Association magazine, *Hygeia*, doctors who have made a study of the subject estimate that 50% of all fighters wind up punch-drunk.

The vast majority of punch-drunk fighters hover precariously between the insane asylum and the gutter. Any fight night in any boxing centre in Canada you can see them shuffling about the arena. In the vernacular of the fight mob they are walking on their heels, they're on Queer Street.

Their faces are often grotesque, masklike. Repeated blows to the head have so damaged their brains that they no longer have full control over their limbs; one leg may drag as though lame. Some

have lost the power of coherent speech and mumble through thick, scarred lips. They are usually amiable enough and the fight mob tolerates them as the village idiot is tolerated.

A lot of ex-fighters become drug addicts. In Vancouver I know six former fighters who take dope. Four of them are in one family and their police records are longer than their ring records.

Many who suffer no permanent physical or mental injury are destroyed by disillusionment. When the promise of easy money fades they become bitter and slip easily into the role of beer parlor brawlers who drift from one menial job to another.

Let's consider boxing now as a spectator sport. Prize-fighting is the nearest approach to legalized murder our society will tolerate, excepting capital punishment (but at least they don't sell tickets to it).

hanging). Budd Schulberg was right when he wrote in "The Harder They Fall" that every heavyweight fight is "a simulated death struggle."

Boxing's basic appeal as a spectacle is obviously primitive, as the appeal of bull fighting is primitive. The fight fan may admire a clever boxer, but he idolizes a killer. Dempsey was a killer and so was Louis and that's why they are remembered and revered. On the other hand Tunney was an unpopular, almost despised champion because he had the good sense to quit before being slaughtered.

Contrast the behavior of the spectators at a fight with that of any other sport fan. A football or hockey crowd may become hysterical with excitement, but it doesn't holler for blood. But the fight crowd is, above all, sadistic.

In most sports blood is spilled only accidentally; in fighting it is a natural, deliberate part of the game.

In other sports, when a man is hurt he is carried off the field and cheered by the crowd. In fighting, when a man is hurt the crowd doesn't cheer either man. Instead it screams, "Killim! Killim!"

Flames on a Fighter's Back

THE KILLER instinct that the crowd demands is an animal instinct and the experienced fight trainer knows this. Recently Hector MacDonald, of Vancouver, former Pacific Coast lightweight champion, had a boy entered in the Empire Games trials. A few hours before his final fight the boy came to Hector and complained he felt hungry and weak. He thought he should eat.

"I told him, 'No,'" says Hector. "I told him 'That's the way to feel, hungry. It makes you vicious and cunning, like an animal on the prowl for food.'"

Brutality is inherent in prize-fighting. This is exemplified by a story told to me recently by Billy Townsend, a retired Vancouver welterweight. His fight in 1930 in Los Angeles with Armando Santiago is still remembered as the bloodiest and most thrilling fight ever staged in that city.

After five rounds of toe-to-toe slugging Townsend was knocked down seven times in the sixth round. As he got off the floor the last time he couldn't remember where he was. He saw a black blur in front of him and lashed out with a left hand.

The punch caught Santiago right over the heart. He plunged to the canvas. Townsend toppled over. The referee was counting both of them out when the bell rang.

The fighters were dragged to their corners. Santiago came around after a couple of whiffs of smelling salts. In Townsend's corner Gerry the Greek, Jack Dempsey's trainer, worked feverishly to bring him to. Finally he lit matches and held the flames to Townsend's back.

When the bell rang for the seventh Santiago walked out of his corner, but Townsend had to be lifted up by the seat of the pants and shoved into the ring. As Santiago walked toward Townsend he suddenly collapsed. Townsend stood, tottering, as the referee counted Santiago out.

When Townsend woke up in his hotel room at 2 o'clock in the morning he complained to his brother, "I'm sore all over and I gotta fight tonight." He wouldn't believe he'd fought, let alone won until his brother showed him the newspaper accounts of the fight.

"And me with a broken nose, a swollen ear and bruised ribs," Townsend grins.

Another story that would sicken any fight fan, I'm sure, was told to me by Hector MacDonald when I asked him how he had come by his cauliflower ear.

"The night I got that," he said, "I had to sit up all night putting leeches on it to suck the blood out."

Fighting is more dangerous than most boxing fans—or even fighters—ever realize. In his first fight or in his 100th fight a boxer may be killed or rendered punch-drunk by one unlucky blow even if he has never suffered previous injury. But deaths and acute cases of punch-drunkness usually result from constant beatings.

Most well-known fighters have been involved in

ring deaths. Heavyweight champions Max Baer, Primo Carnera and Ezzard Charles, the present champion, have each killed a man.

Charles is being sued by the relatives of Sam Baroudi who died of a cerebral hemorrhage after being knocked out by the champion. (See picture on opposite page.) The irony of this situation is that Baroudi himself knocked out a fighter who died under similar circumstances.

Not all the victims of ring fatalities are unknown tank-town fighters. Heavyweight contenders Lem Franklin and Ernie Schaaf died after being knocked out, as did Pancho Villa, the great flyweight champion of the 20's.

Luther McCarty, victim of the most sensational ring death in Canadian boxing history, was one of the leading "white hopes" being groomed to wrest the heavyweight championship from Jack Johnson. But Arthur Pelkey knocked him out in the first round of their fight in Calgary in 1913 and McCarty died in the ring.

Nor are all the victims defeated fighters. In August, 1946, Roland Prairie won a 10-round decision over Kid Point in Quebec, but died after the fight from a cerebral hemorrhage.

Some ring tragedies could be averted if fighters

once injured severely were barred from fighting again. This was so with Lem Franklin and Ernie Schaaf.

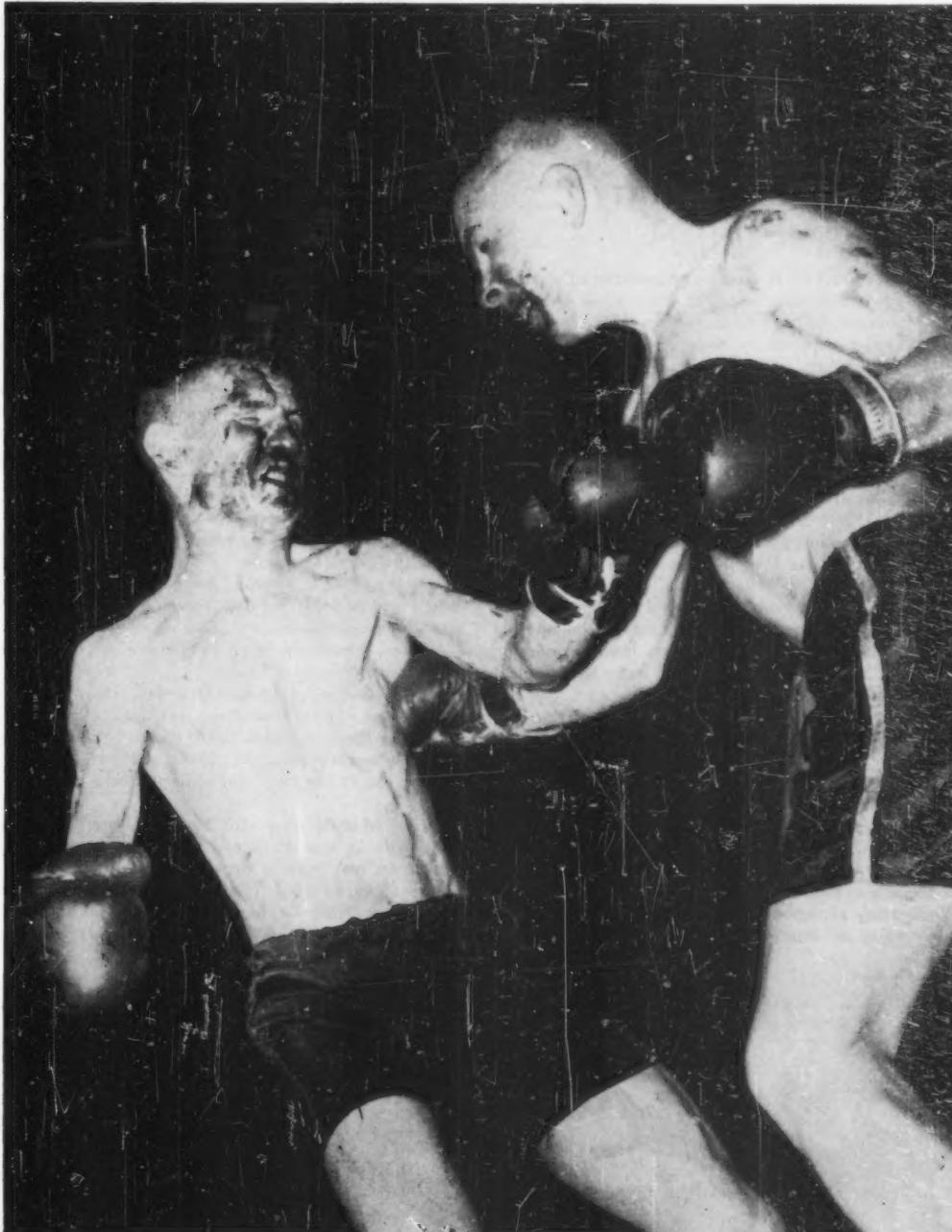
Franklin had scored 17 straight victories and was being hailed as a contender for Joe Louis' title when Bob Pastor knocked him out in 1942. After that he was beaten so consistently he quit the ring. But in 1944 he tried a comeback, was knocked out by Harry Lane and died 11 days later.

The colorful 25-year-old Schaaf had compiled an impressive record until, in 1932, he took a vicious beating from Max Baer. A few months later he was knocked out by the inept Carnera and died three days later.

But the classic example of a death that could have been prevented was that of Jimmy Doyle, a 22-year-old welterweight from Los Angeles.

In March 1946 Doyle spent several weeks in hospital after being knocked out and then was inactive for nine months. But in June 1947 he agreed to fight welterweight champion Ray Robinson in Cleveland.

The very day of the fight sports writer Franklin Lewis wrote in the Cleveland Press: "How quickly and how easily Robinson wins depends entirely upon the size of the soft" *Continued on page 46*



Vancouver victory. Gerald Dahms (at right) cocks his left to knock out Manitoba's Jack Kozuska.



TALLYHO TORONTO

ILLUSTRATED BY LEN NORRIS

By EDWIN RUTT

NOW THOUGH foxes are traditionally called Reynard, this one was known as Bernard. Bernie, to his intimates. And Bernie was a very shrewd operator and a very smart guy.

He lived pretty well north in York County, not far from Highway No. 11. A relatively new hunt club was established close by, but that didn't faze Bernie. He had only contempt for certain lily-livered foxes who'd vacated the locality when the hunt club came into being. For generations Bernie's family had inhabited York County and he was not the fox to desert his bailiwick merely because an enemy organization pitched its tent therein. Moreover, Bernie was inclined to sniff at the hunt club. Any time he couldn't outwit and/or outrun a parcel of horses freighted with pink coats, plus a pack of dogs — they may have been hounds to some, but to Bernie they were just plain dogs —somebody was going to have to wake him up and tell him about it.

He seldom, however, attempted to outwit and/or outrun the hunt, when same was making euphonious the countryside. He stayed at home like an intelligent fox. Wherefore, although the hunt returned many times each season triumphantly brandishing a brush, the brush had never yet belonged to Bernie.

In view of this, as he impinged upon the model farm of Raymond T. Garwood on a blue-and-gold Wednesday afternoon, Bernie wasn't worrying. In particular, he wasn't worrying about the hunt—

a gala affair, he understood—scheduled to take place on Saturday.

Bernie was en route to reconnoitre the Garwood chicken house. Reconnoitre, since he was too bright to maraud in daytime. He was just casing the joint. But, approaching by devious ways, he came upon a summer house, or gazebo, situated between himself and the fowl haven. From this structure voices issued.

Bernie, always interested in the doings of the other half, paused. He presently perceived himself privy to a tête-à-tête. And very soon he was heartily disliking the party of the first part, while applauding the party of the second.

"But you're such a dope, Tom," the first party was stating. "Why can't you be one of us up here? And not so—oh, squeamish? Besides, foxes are terribly destructive."

Uh-uh, thought Bernie. A nice throaty voice, but a bad philosophy. He ducked behind a bush, cocking alert reddish ears.

"Well," obviously the Tom person, "I'm always willing to ride in drag hunts."

Bernie deemed that speech good. He wished he could have known this chap. He . . . by gosh, he did know him. At least, knew of him. Young Tom Marvin, indubitably. A fellow with an excellent reputation in the bird and animal world.

THIS Marvin now—for Bernie's dough, he was okay. It was on record that Tom Marvin had found an owl with a broken wing and promptly taken it to a vet. There was a rumor, though unverified, that he had once, at some personal sacrifice, released a skunk from a trap. But every-

body knew definitely that Tom never appeared among the duck and rabbit shooters in red-gold autumns. Bernie risked a peep from greenery, the better to see this paragon.

He saw a well-proportioned young man with light hair, moving nervously around the gazebo. He also saw a girl.

She was got up in khaki shirt and jodhpurs. She was slim, blue-eyed, lovely—the doctor's prescription, though not for such as Bernie. Because she whacked her legs with a riding whip and her diction was not reassuring.

"I can't understand you at all," she told him, "and I'm certainly not getting engaged to a man I can't understand."

Bernie waited. Evidently, though, a lot had transpired before he came in.

"Look, Sue!"

Bernie placed the girl then. Sue Garwood, of course. Daughter of this establishment. Enchanting creature, deplorable habits—rode hell-for-leather—ever in the van, whooping and hollering, flushed and excited—liked urging horses and chivvying foxes. Hence—prominent in Bernie's black books.

"Look, Sue! I'm not asking you to give up hunting. I'm only asking you to include me out."

"Is that all?" There was acid in her voice. "I thought you were asking me to marry you."

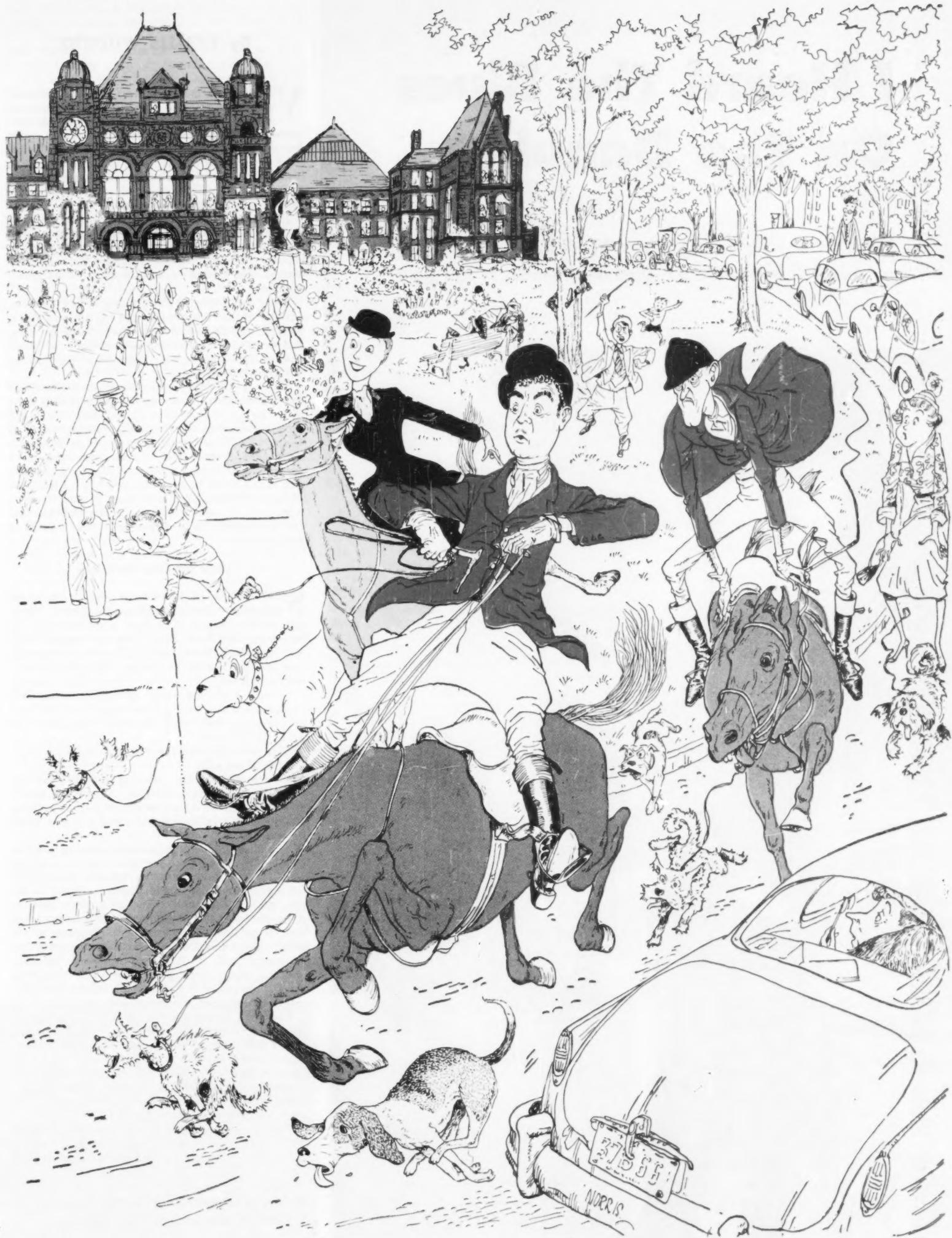
"Well, I'm always doing that!" Tom bogged a bit. "And if I can't marry you, I'll—I—I . . ." The bog became definite.

"Now, Tom," she stopped whacking at her legs and took his hand, "let's be sensible. You're sweet. I like you. I even love you, a little. But the fact that I like

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Shrewd operator, smart fox, Bernie did his best for true love. It didn't bother him that horses reared, strong men blanched, and women screamed . . .
Let bedlam reign in the heart of staid Toronto



By EVA-LIS WUORIO

I Heard The Blues On The Danube

**When Eva-Lis walked in the Vienna Woods she found the ghosts
of a romantic legend and a ragged city dreaming of past glory**

WIDE WORLD



VIENNA to me, I suppose, had always been part Blue Danube, part Jeanette Macdonald singing "Wiener Wald," driving in woods that looked like Montreal mountain at dawn, part Bemelmans, and odd parts of Franz Josef, Graustark and Nelson Eddy. Part, too, of a childhood memory of a lovely picture of the tragic Empress Elizabeth. All of it spiced with a sort of swaying, waltzing, nostalgia-tinted romance.

If I thought of anything I thought of things like that as the Air France plane left Munich airfield with its cloaked shepherd and flock of sheep on the runway and the short, black-shawled Calvinist women flat-footing it into a huge silver Swiss airliner.

The plane ran out of the clouds into hot sunshine; a couple of the crew brought out red toy cars they'd bought in Munich and raced them down the aisle, and most of the passengers settled down to jellied chicken and champagne. Appropriate approach to Vienna, obviously.

Yes? Yet below our sky floor of sunshine and the international luxury of the plane rolled dank mist, heavy clouds in a sullen sky. And one remembered, too, the two weeks Russia alone had taken over Vienna; and the four years Russians, Americans, French and British had occupied a sector of each storied street and long-loved square; and that a lot of Vienna Woods—" . . . I walk the Vienna Woods again, and sing to you a sweet refrain . . ."—was firewood for the homeless and the unwanted. And where were the waltzes of yesteryears?

"They Are Only Austrians"

SHARPLY, upon brown fields below, ruins jutted jaggedly. The air station was a vast, bleak, barracklike hangar. The drab uniforms below the unsmiling thin faces fitted into the tangled barbed-wire, crumbling-walls, scene. The only cheery sight was the big, blue-lettered sign, "R.A.F. Station," newly painted.

"Could I change some money?" I asked the customs man. A young Frenchman who had been on the plane dug me in the ribs. "Not here," he said. "It's foolish."

"I need some. For the cab, and stuff."
"Wait," he said.

On the airline bus, grunting over the muddy, bumping roads, he explained: "The legal rate is 10 schillings to an American dollar—worth nothing. Black market is 30. I will see for you a black market dealer."

The Russians, who, of course, liberated Austria, completely circle the city with their occupying forces. They hold the soggy, brown, rutted fields we jogged uncomfortably through. Closer to the city crowds of people began to appear, most of them in black. They poured out of ancient trams, from taxis dating to the early years of the Ford. They bicycled precariously, sometimes two grownups and a child on the same machine, wreaths slung over their arms and shoulders. They'd disappear in a steady file behind high grey walls, misted with dampness and drooping vines.

I learned it was All Saints' Day, the occasion to visit cemeteries. Each mourner, this November day of grief 1949, carried besides his wreath also his identification card. For all the cemeteries are in Russian territory. The main requirement on the cards are the 13 official stamps. Some Russian guards, the Viennese say with a slight smile, can't read, but they can count. Up to 13.

The Air France office was on the famed Vienna "Ring," that tree-lined avenue circling the centre of the city. I stood for a moment under the nearly

An UNRRA scholarship trained this woman architect to rebuild famed St. Stephen's.

bare trees that raw afternoon watching a smartly uniformed Russian lieutenant march ahead of a baby carriage and a slovenly woman pushing it while people moved out of their way but with an air of not seeing them. It was far from home.

Cab to the hotel passes a square where the Russians have set up a huge statue of a helmeted soldier painted gold—a loud contrast to the gracious stone and marble statues of Vienna. All the best hotels (as well as the best houses and apartments and most of the old palaces) are occupied by the four Powers. My hotel is second rate, still in Viennese hands, dimly lit, a little shabby. En route there we pass three zones; nothing marks zones except that the Americans are beginning to put up signs at the borders of theirs, more to keep their own troops in than anyone out.

That first night I have dinner with members of occupation troops. A unique experience.

Couple of blocks from my hotel my escort says, "You've got your papers, of course."

"Why no," I say. "Bulky. Left them at the hotel."

He raps sharply on the cab window. "Back," he orders and advises me, "In Vienna you do not move without your papers." (No one ever asked for them except when entering and leaving government offices, or registering at hotels.)

At the hotel he stopped me tipping the porter. "They are only Austrians."

Again on the way, he says, "It will be better if we do not say you are a journalist. You may hear something interesting. I shall say you are a student."

"Student of what?" I ask.

He shrugs. "It is sufficient to be a student. Who is not a student?"

The party includes an allied requisitions official, a round man with pink, smooth face, bow lips, heavy-lidded knowing eyes, a light, easy laugh and a resonant voice that could switch to petulance in a second. There was an army captain with a Casanova air who reported he'd found out about a cache of champagne. He needed a requisitions slip to "liberate" it.

"After all," he said, "what use has an Austrian for champagne? They are too sad already, now."

A lawyer, who claimed to be on a sentimental journey to Vienna, heartily approved of the plan. The slip was signed.

Strauss in a Suburb

THE MEAL is at one of the allied-requisitioned hotels, one of Vienna's best. No Austrian could get accommodation here. No Austrian sounds in the room; even the servants are foreign. The meal is excellent, five courses amply supported with wines. The prices, I was told, were less than for Austrians in Austrian restaurants.

"And, of course, they pay for this too," the requisitions man explained with his light laugh. "They pay for the occupation, you know."

Afterward someone suggests a *heuriger*, for it is the new wine season. *Heurigers* are Vienna and Vienna in the fall has always meant *heurigers*. The word, actually, is the city's vernacular for new wine, but it has come to include the taverns where

There's a black market and a grey market.



Few signs mark quartered Vienna and the international police get along okay. Here, behind an American pianist, stand (l. to r.) a Frenchman, a Russian and a Briton.

you drink it and the singing and music and food and comradeship that go with it.

Most *heurigers* are in Grinzing, on the outskirts of the town, at the foot of the Vienna Woods. We drive there. The dark city, with its ruined buildings standing skeleton stark here and there in the weak street-lamp light, gives way to a suburb out of an operetta and a singing dream. Pine branches swing from long poles stuck to the sides of the picturesque houses. This means that new wine is being served inside.

We stop under a swinging sign saying "Hartman Pepi." The place is bright and clean. Out of a musical with Strauss melodies. We order white new wine. The three old men with the accordion, harp and violin tune up, and a fourth begins to sing in a cracked voice.

This is more than the captain can stand. He begins to bang the table to the tune of a song of his own, shouted rather than sung. Couple of the other customers get up, put on their coats slowly, nod to Frau Hartman behind the long, low serving table and go out. Except for the captain and the four performers the place is quiet.

The requisitions official says petulantly, "I don't know what's wrong. This is supposed to be very gay, everybody sings. Must be the All Souls' Day—they are probably home counting their dead."

Finally the musicians cease competing, pack up

their instruments and leave. My companions either do not see any of it or pretend they don't.

Now the captain has picked up an ancient iron door knocker from the mantel. "They don't need this, I'll requisition it," he says. "Or I'll be generous, I'll buy it. Fifty groschen," he shouts to Frau Hartman. Fifty groschen is less than half a cent.

I say I want to go home.

"We will go to the club," says the requisitioning official. The club turns out to be a dreary hostel requisitioned for this particular group of occupying allies. Young soldiers dance with Austrian girls. The girls seem quiet; the men here, among their fellows, off-hand, slightly superior. Perhaps they are warmer out in the darkness and the moonlight.

I have a hot grog, feeling deeply depressed about humanity, and go home to my Austrian hotel as to a refuge.

As I go up the wide sweep of staircase, my footfall deadened by the thick, shabby carpet, I suddenly think of something. I have been in Vienna a whole day. I haven't even glimpsed the Blue Danube. This sad Vienna.

The next day I must meet the Austrians.

In drafty stone-walled offices, or others stuffy from the glowing, pot-bellied Quebec heaters, incongruous in the

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When the new wine runs pine boughs wave.



Few smiles now in Vienna's Cafe Imperial.



Oh, How I Hate the Country

By BRUCE HUTCHISON

NINETY PER CENT of the middle-aged men in North America dream and drool over an imaginary dozen acres of land where they will retire some day and lead the easy life. Happily they never get past the dream-and-drool stage.

Ten per cent, more daring and insane, retreat to the country, sink into the earth, are swallowed up and forgotten. They never have a day of ease thereafter. This I know for I am one of them. And just look at me. No, better not. It would only embarrass both of us.

For the unknown victims of the great North American Dream I propose to speak out here as no one has ever dared to speak before. I am doubly equipped for this harrowing personal confession by experience and perfidy.

First, after a quarter of a century of the dream life, I am broke, friendless, ignorant, insular, prejudiced, calloused, cantankerous, prematurely aged, and my feet hurt. I have mildew, rust, root rot, black spot, wireworm, cutworm, aphid, weevil, earwig and a cardiac condition. And I hate my fellow man.

Second, I am personally responsible for dragging down countless others with me, breaking up marriages and blighting the lives of little children.

This I have done by writing and selling for sordid profit innumerable sweet and soggy articles on the joys of the country. Hundreds, perhaps thousands of contented city folk have read and believed me and moved to the country and lived to curse my name.

At the start I wrote in all innocence, before the country had clutched me in its long green tentacles and squeezed out my last drop of humanity. Then I wrote to support my farm and thus earn the privilege of laboring, without wages, some 12 hours a day.

Finally I wrote out of sheer malice (and, I will say, with a horrid craftiness and a fine lyrical swing) because by now I drew a cold, sardonic pleasure from the sight of my companions in exile.

That, briefly, is how I became the tired monster you now behold.

It was great fun the first year or so—nature baits her trap with devilish ingenuity before the kill.

The first thing a city man does in the country is to plant trees as if they were a new invention. They are quite old really and any fool can plant them. Any fool does. Like all people who had seen them only through a car window I used to wax very sentimental and sloppy about trees. I used

to write purple and gooey pieces pointing out the fairly obvious fact that only God can make a tree.

But when I found myself writhing in a tropical jungle which I had planted, slashing out blindly in all directions with an axe, the sap of slaughter dripping from my hands, then I began to take a more practical view of trees. I stopped writing about God.

It soaks a man, I can tell you, when he is drenched three times a year in lime and sulphur spray, his skin breaks out in azalea-colored blisters, he smells like an over-aged egg, he is not allowed in his own kitchen and the dog walks away with his tail between his legs.

Please don't tell me that only God can make a tree. It only turns me to blasphemy when every winter, hanging like an ill-made spider above the earth, I have to prune five tons of branches and pile them and burn them, with inflamed cheeks and singed eyebrows, wasting enough heat to warm the winter population of Toronto and enough energy to make an honest living.

Don't start me talking about God and trees or I'll forget that I was raised in a good Christian home.

And then the precious little acorns that grow



He once wrote lovely lines to the leaves in the fall. But hauling 70 cartloads broke his heart.



Compost — "It's rot, that's all, plain rot."



Any fool can plant trees, Hutchison says — and any fool does. He longs for a penthouse.

into mighty oaks, the fluttering, long-distance propellers of maple seeds and the wild, tasteless, caterpillar-infested apples that spring up on the fence lines. I wrote a lot of sickly, oozing stuff about the breeding habits of vegetable life and more of my city friends itched for the feel of a shovel, resigned their jobs and drove their wives into the wilderness.

I wrote thus, for I needed the money, but I knew by now that the acorn was my deadly enemy. A seed of any sort aroused the beast in me. They grow, that is the trouble with seeds, they grow. Everything grows except me and I have shrunk two full inches in my 25 years of the easy country life.

There were touches of rough humor in those early days, when one could still laugh, and in my poverty I exploited them in the newspapers until people thought I was having a hell of a time.

There was our first crop when I carefully stored my choice tulip bulbs in the root cellar and my wife cooked them, being a city girl who took them for onions, and fed them to our infant daughter and came screaming down the road to ask the neighbors if tulips were poisonous; whereat Miss Snape suggested bread poultices, Mrs. Noggins urged a stomach pump as used on her Uncle Herbert (an alcoholic), Mrs. Shipley said it would certainly prove fatal and began to cry, and George Pudbury laughed so hard he fell off his manure spreader.

They weren't poisonous, as it turned out, but they cost nearly \$1 each.

I wrote that story in several papers, but I couldn't afford new tulip bulbs. By then I was

bankrupt paying for fence posts, shovels, hoes, saws, fertilizers, liniment and painkiller which the real-estate advertisements never mention. After that we had to eat onions.

It was fun, too, before the illusion wore off, and it gave us a quaint sense of peasantry to join in the frolics of the countryside. Especially to drink Pudbury's homemade beer which he had to open over the sink because of its explosive qualities—the secret origin of the atom bomb. Most of it escaped into the sink but a fraction escaped into Pudbury who, after a few good explosions, would sometimes give an imitation of a one-armed Frenchman reciting "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

But you grow tired of explosions and "The Light Brigade" after a while. There is much to be said for a sanitary liquor store, nonexplosive, where the bottles are reliably labeled.

I made a few dishonest dollars—though seldom enough to afford a bottle of good stuff—writing about Pudbury's beer and Mrs. Noggins' parsnip wine. The latter was very good for lubricating a wheelbarrow, but in the papers I always presented it as a shimmering amber essence, compounded of sunshine, wind and autumn frost, which made my city friends' tongues hang out. Mine did, too, after one gulp.

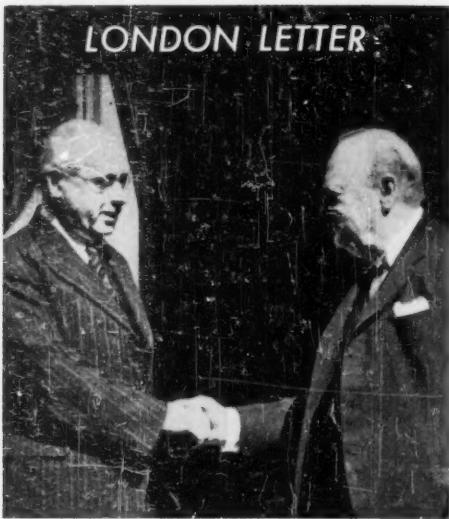
I once earned enough to buy a secondhand cultivator by recounting the literary adventures of Alfred Beake, who bought an encyclopedia on the installment plan from a traveling salesman because his thirst for learning had been aroused by pictures of a Turkish harem, but was compelled to return the books and lost

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Unhappy Hutchison comes clean with the real dirt about bucolic bliss. After 25 years on 12 acres he just hates himself — and us

PHOTOS BY BILL HALKETT





Ex-Premiers Churchill and Fraser (N.Z.). At 75 the indomitable Winston will try again.

Old Warrior In the Winter

By BEVERLEY BAXTER

THE SUN at Brighton was warm and benign. An hour's train journey away was London in the grip of misty winter, but here was the sea and the cry of the gulls and the soft lazy lap of the surf against the shore.

Why go to London? After all it was Scottish day in the House of Commons and while the Scots never hesitate to air their opinions on English affairs they sharply resent any interference from *Sassenachs* into Scottish business.

To walk by the sea or perhaps motor to a golf club on the Sussex Downs and hit a ball or two against the blue horizon . . . After all I had made five speeches in the last four days embracing such varying places as Birmingham, the Guildhall in London, Liverpool, and Bethnal Green in London's East End. Why not play truant and breathe the unpolluted air of Brighton?

Whereupon I drove to the station and journeyed to Westminster where I took my seat in the second row of the Opposition while Ministers stood up to their one hour of questions. It was the usual business of: "Is the Minister not aware . . . ? Will the Right Honorable Gentleman explain why the Government has not acted . . . ? Is this another case of Socialist incompetence . . . ? Does the Minister not agree that his reply will give the gravest dissatisfaction . . . ?"

Bang, bang, biff, biff. We are a tired Parliament for we have talked too much and sat up too late since we were elected in 1945. We are like the actors in a play which has been running for four years and is now in its last weeks. In fact we are bored to death not only with the other fellows' speeches but our own.

We need the blood transfusion of a general election. Until then nothing will happen but talk, talk, talk and with every speech aimed at the electorate. I wished that I had stayed in Brighton and finished Bacon's Essays and perhaps devoured a dozen of those English oysters that make all other oysters seem poor devalued things.

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BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

Politicians and Paupers

By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

EVEN though elections are four years away and M.P.'s are all comfortable for the moment, it might be a good time for them to think about setting up a pension scheme for themselves.

Pensions in the ordinary sense are impossible for members of Parliament—they don't serve long enough. Only a handful of Commoners have sat longer than 15 years; anyone who has survived two general elections thinks of himself as an old-timer. But in Britain, for the past 10 years, they've had a scheme that does look after needy cases among ex-members and their widows.

M.P.'s pay £12 a year into a central fund, and the lucky ones never get anything back. But those who can prove need get a stipend of £150 a year. It isn't much, and there have been suggestions that it should be increased (the fund itself has grown faster than expected), but the significant thing about it is the principle. Canadian members could, if they wished, pay more in and take more out. The important point is that this fund looks after indigent politicians at no charge upon the public purse.

* * *

SOME such plan is more urgently needed in Canada than most people realize. Many a Senate appointment is urged, if not granted, on the ground that good old So-and-so has nothing else to live on. Even worse, the public payrolls are still occasionally padded with deserving widows who, whatever their needs may be, certainly do no work in return for their modest salaries. They get this treatment as a special privilege, furtively bestowed.

One case, frequently cited, is the widow of a

distinguished public servant who died about 1905. He had married late in life; his widow was left at the age of 30-something with two small children and very little money to provide for her family.

She managed to get by on her own efforts for nearly 25 years, but by 1929 she was in dire poverty. Several M.P.'s, including CCF'er Agnes MacPhail, intervened with the Government on her behalf, and a small pension for her was included in the estimates.

Miss MacPhail's colleagues, including the late J. S. Woodsworth, CCF leader, violently disagreed. They attacked this "favoritism" so briskly that the late Rt. Hon. Ernest Lapointe, then Minister of Justice, withdrew the item, and the widow got no pension after all.

That was in June, 1929. In October of the same year the same widow was enrolled on the House of Commons staff as a "temporary assistant," paid by the day. She has been drawing \$5.50 per diem, or \$1,971 a year, ever since, though she seldom if ever sets foot in the House of Commons. Her name does not appear in the public accounts, because she earns less than \$2,400 and therefore need not be listed individually. She just draws her salary, which is somewhat higher than the pension that a penurious Parliament refused to vote.

* * *

HER case is not unique. Some years ago a cabinet minister got a letter from an elderly lady in Montreal: "My sister has just died, and I would like to apply for the job she held with the Government."

The minister looked into the matter. He found that the deceased sister *Continued on page 52*



This month's diet: the B.N.A. Act. The others wait until fall.

Huck Finn with a Brogue

Radio's multi-voiced John Drainie is equally at home as Mort Clay or the Duke of Wellington. And when he plays a Chinese lover he actually manages to look the part

By MAX BRAITHWAITE

OVER THE CBC last winter a 33-year-old radio actor who looks like a younger Frederic March played, among many other roles, the part of an upper-class Englishman in Evelyn Waugh's "Scoop" and the part of a New Yorker in Hugh MacLennan's "The Precipice." A few days later one of his best friends was called a liar twice—first by an Englishman for denying that the actor was English, second by a New Yorker for denying that he was a native of NYC.

The man who fooled them was Canada's hardest-working radio actor, John Drainie. Many people who should know what they're talking about call him the best in Canada; some don't stop at the border.

Drainie's voice has been heard by just about every Canadian old enough to twist a radio dial.

Devotees of "long hair" drama catch him regularly on the Sunday night Stage Series or on "CBC Wednesday Night," playing anything from Huckleberry Finn to Richard II. Followers of the comedy serial "Allan and Me" suffer with him as Mort Clay, the middle-aged much-abused father of the family. Those who prefer their drama fast and light hear him starring on Canada's top commercial drama shows "Buckingham Theatre" and "Ford Theatre."

But most listeners never know they are hearing Drainie. His radio voice has never become well known over the airways like that of Bernie Braden, for instance, because he has no radio voice. His voice is the voice of the character he is playing. Even close friends and producers often can't spot him.

Frank Willis, who has directed Drainie in hundreds of shows, said recently, "He is the only actor who can fool me."

Another producer explained, "Drainie has the

most flexible voice I know of. Braden's voice, for instance, has an edge to it; Budd Knapp's has a mellifluous quality—these things always give them away. But Drainie's voice has no peculiarities."

But it is not all voice. Around actors in any medium you hear a lot about the "Stanislavsky Method." Stated oversimply this is a method "by means of which an actor can become in fact the person he is playing." Drainie, the experts say, is the greatest Stanislavsky actor in radio.

He doesn't play a character; he *is* the character. Sandra Scott, who played opposite him in Len Peterson's play, "Maybe in a Thousand Years" (about a Chinese boy who married a white girl), relates that at one tense moment in the script Drainie actually *looked* Chinese.

In a profession where backbiting and jealousy are not exactly unknown Drainie seems to be universally liked and respected. Most actresses prefer working with him because he "gets so completely into the spirit of

Continued on page 26

COLOR PHOTO BY PANDA

Hard-working Drainie does not fear television. He can imitate a telephone.



Corn on the cob... without the Cob!



If you were lucky enough on a certain day last summer to visit one of the few counties where corn is grown from our fabulous D-138 breed . . .

And some good farm cook had handed you a roastin' ear picked at a certain hour of that day—buttered and salted just right . . .

And you had sunk your teeth into those sweet young kernels—why, there'd be no use telling *you* about Niblets Brand whole kernel corn.

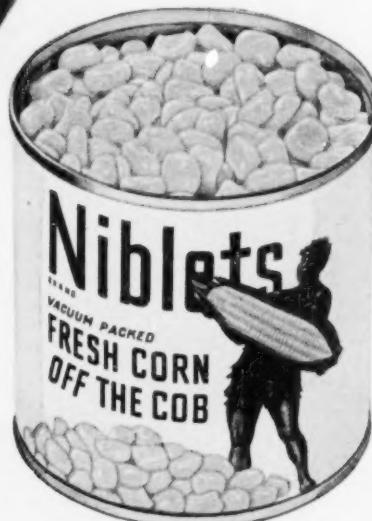
Because that's what Niblets Brand Corn is. Grown from an exclusive corn variety in the land of the Green Giant, packed at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor, cut clean from the cob and sealed into vacuum cans to bring you roastin'-ear goodness in corn-off-the-cob any time of year!

*Listen to the Fred Waring Show on NBC
every Saturday morning for the Green Giant*

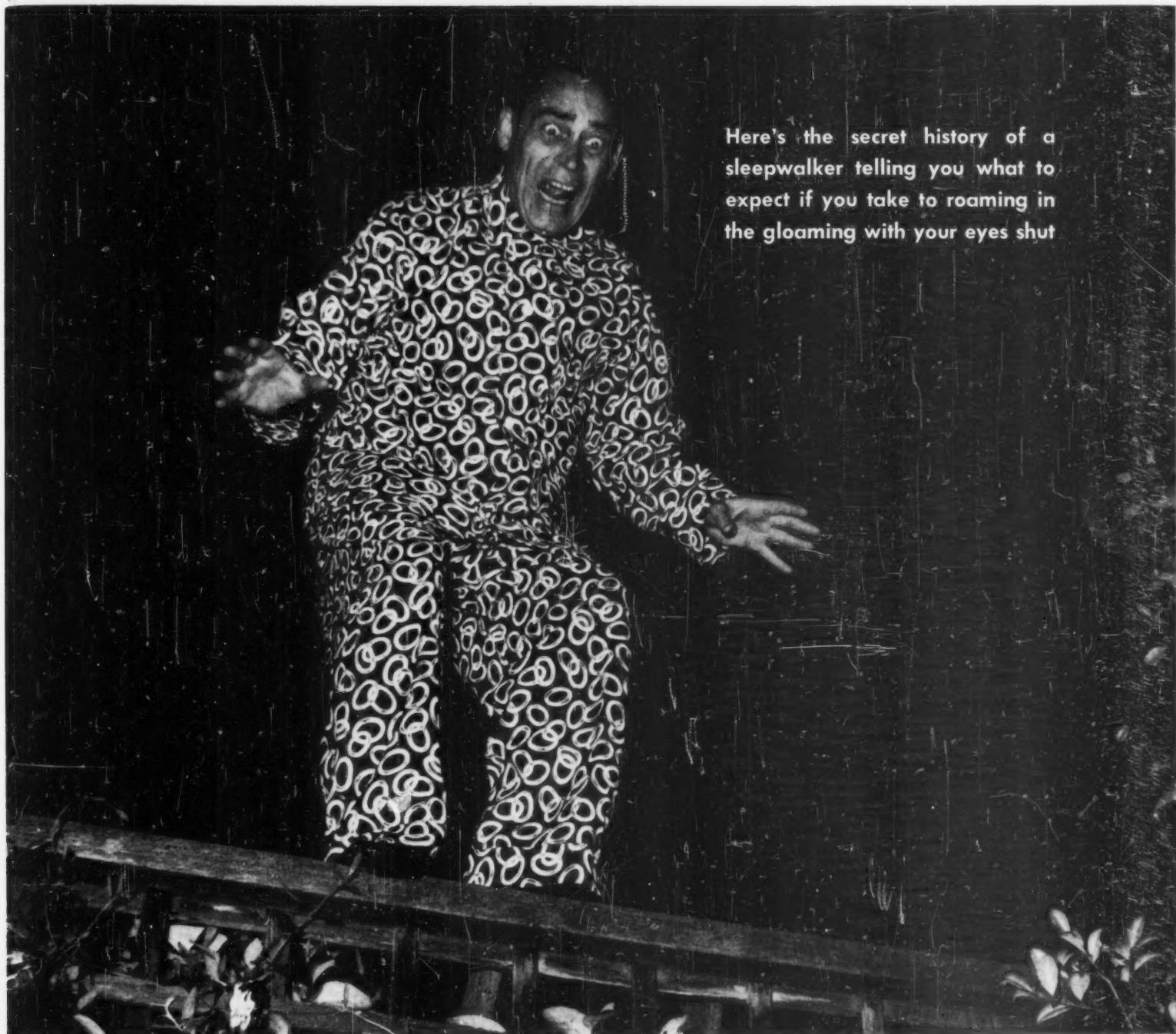
NIBLETS
BRAND
whole kernel
CORN



One can = 4 luscious ears
of field-fresh corn



Fine Foods of Canada Limited, Tecumseh, Ontario . . . Also packers of Green Giant Brand Peas and Garden Patch Brand Vacuum Packed Corn.



Here's the secret history of a sleepwalker telling you what to expect if you take to roaming in the gloaming with your eyes shut

MOE LEITER

I'M ASLEEP ON MY FEET

By M. M. MUSSelman

IT WAS still dark when I awoke and I was sitting in a bathtub. For a while I couldn't think how I got there, then the truth dawned on me and I realized that I was a sleepwalker.

As far as I knew it was the first time it had happened to me, but the reason for my nocturnal wandering was not difficult to guess. I was a college freshman living in a fraternity house. There were two tubs in the house and 26 brothers. To avoid the rush I had decided to take my bath early in the morning. But instead, goaded by my subconscious, I had risen in my sleep and tried to accomplish the action I had intended to take on the morrow.

For many nights after that I was haunted by the fear that I might again walk in my sleep. I had the disturbing idea I might take it into my head to go for a dip in the fountain in front of the girls' dormitory or try the fish pond in the dean of women's back yard.

But I was even more afraid my fraternal brothers would discover my secret. There was already a famous somnambulist in my fraternity, "Shut-eye" Wilkins, class of 1910. To me he was more than a legendary character; he was a horrible example.

One time the brothers helped him out of his pyjamas, put a bunch of flowers in his hand, and headed him down sorority row. He met two

professors' wives in front of the Pi Phi house and landed in the hoosegow.

Another time when "Shut-eye" started off on one of his somnambulations the brothers managed, somehow, to get him on roller skates. Then they turned him loose on Sycamore Hill. "Shut-eye" did all right until he was about halfway down; then he made the mistake of waking up. For the rest of the way he gave an exhibition that would have made Charlie Chaplin green with envy. "Shut-eye" became a fraternity tradition.

I had no desire to become another fraternity tradition. I worried a good deal about it, but I must have been lucky. The only other time I caught myself walking in my sleep was during the strain of finals. I left my bed on the night before a tough exam and sought my desk and my textbooks. When I woke up I had a pencil in one hand and a logarithm table in the other.

In my senior year I went to see a doctor about a strange swelling in my feet.

"Do you walk much?" he asked.

"No," I answered. Then I wondered. Was I, perhaps, traipsing about the house all night in my bare feet? Or taking long strolls about the campus?

"I think what you

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"Maybe it isn't practical,"
she said. Ed said, "Hmmm-m!"

He met this beautiful strange girl, wined her, dined her and — yes — kissed her.
She said it was the first time she'd been really awakened. Ed kind of woke up, too

TALK ABOUT stories," said Ed, the barber, "I could write a book. Ever hear about the time I went to California and almost married a movie actress? Might have been in the movies myself, and maybe on the radio, like Bing Crosby. Bing isn't so handsome. And I've still got my hair, haven't I? It was in 1937."

NOT LONG after Ed Niles finished barber college he got a part-time job in Harry Frazier's shop, and one morning Mr. Moss came in. All the other chairs were full, except Ed's. Ed didn't know Mr. Moss from Adam, but when Harry apologized for not having one of the regular barbers for him, Ed knew Mr. Moss was important. Mr. Moss looked around and said, "I just want a shave, and I am in a hurry. This new man won't cut my throat, will he?" So Harry let Ed take him.

Ed was extra careful with Mr. Moss, and he hardly said a word. While he was lathering the back of Mr. Moss' neck, Mr. Moss said, "Quietest barber I ever saw. Don't know a quiet chauffeur, do you?" Ed said no, he didn't. Mr. Moss said he and his family were driving through to California and his regular chauffeur didn't want to leave the East. Ed said, "I'm not a regular chauffeur, Mr. Moss, but I am a good driver. And I'd sure like to go to California."

Mr. Moss said for Ed to come around to his office the next morning. Ed took him out in the big Packard and Mr. Moss liked the way he drove. So he hired Ed to drive him and his wife and their two little girls out to Los Angeles.

They got out there and went to visit Mr. Moss' sister on a fruit ranch a few miles outside of Calabasas, which is just north of Beverly Hills. It was a big place, but they were kind of crowded at the ranch, so Mr. Moss got Ed a room right in Calabasas and told him he could have a week off to see California. With pay.

At the house where he had this room there was this girl and her mother. Janey Kirk was her name. They seemed to have money, because neither one of them had to work. Janey was going into the movies. A talent scout, or somebody had said she was just the type, and she certainly was, so they had come out there and she was going to dramatic school in Hollywood.

Ed met them the first night he was there. He met the mother first, and she said, "I guess you are the new young man who just moved in today, aren't you?" Ed said yes, he just came out from the East. "I'll just bet," Mrs. Kirk said, "that you came out to go into the movies. You are certainly the type." Ed said, well, he hadn't decided yet. He was just kind of looking around. So Mrs. Kirk said he must meet her daughter, Janey, because she knew they would like each other.

Janey was a blonde, something like Joan Blondell. Slim, with a very good figure. Not like Jane Russell, but you would certainly look twice. She took to Ed right away, and Ed took her and her mother out to dinner that night. Prices were pretty high, but Ed had almost a hundred dollars, so they splurged.

After dinner Mrs. Kirk said she was tired and was going back to her room, but Ed and Janey needn't go back just because of her. So they went for a long walk, and Janey told Ed all about herself, how she had been offered a part in one of the new pictures but she knew she wasn't ready for it so she had turned it down.

"A girl has to have experience," she said, "and training. I don't want to take a part till I know I can make a big success."

"I don't know about that," Ed said.

"A girl like you, with talent and looks and all, you'd make good. I'll bet you've already got more training and experience than most of them."

"Do you really think so?" Janey asked. "A girl doesn't know about these things. Men are so much wiser. And I haven't any man I can ask."

They stopped in a park and sat down, and she said one thing she liked about California, it was so romantic. When Ed finally kissed her she said, "Ed, I don't think I have ever been kissed like that in all my life. I feel like I'd just come to life, the way Mr. du Moulin said I would some day. I just couldn't seem to feel things, down deep inside. I had never been awakened."

He kissed her again, and he knew what she meant. He felt awakened, too.

beach. Janey gasped. "That's Mr. du Moulin!" she whispered, and sat up. "He's my teacher at dramatic school."

Ed saw that Mr. du Moulin thought pretty well of himself. When he came a little closer, Janey waved at him, and he came over to where they were and took off his sunglasses.

"Hello, Janey," he said. "Taking a day off, I see."

"Yes, Mr. du Moulin," Janey said. "I want you to meet my friend, Mr. Niles. Mr. Ed Niles."

Mr. du Moulin stood there with his hands on his hips and looked at Ed with eyes like ice cubes. "Hello," he said, and his voice was just like his eyes.

Ed said hello, he was glad to meet him. Mr. du Moulin turned to Janey and said, "They are going to start casting 'Seventh Sin' next week."

Then he smiled at Janey in a way Ed didn't like, and he put on his sunglasses and walked on up the beach without even looking at Ed again.

"Let's go get something to eat," Ed said to Janey when Mr. du Moulin was out of sight. "Let's go up to that lunch counter and get a hot dog and a Coke. I am starved."

After that they took the bus back to Calabasas, and that evening he took Janey and Mrs. Kirk out to dinner again. But right after dinner Janey said she had a part to learn, so Ed took them home, then went to a movie alone.

THIS next morning he met Janey as she was going to catch the bus to Hollywood for a two-hour class. Ed went along with her to the door of the dramatic school and he said he would meet her there after class, because he had some things to attend to. Then he walked down Hollywood Boulevard, looking in the shop windows. He saw two very swank barber shops, and one of them had a long line of customers waiting so he went in and sat down and watched for a while. Then it got to be almost his turn, so he went out and walked around some more. He went back to the building where the dramatic school had the second floor, and he still had almost an hour to wait. So he went around the corner, and in the same building he found a little barber shop with just two chairs. Only one barber was working. Ed got in the chair and ordered a shave and massage. While the barber was working on him Ed asked about his business.

Business was lousy, the barber said. So bad the man who owned the place only worked part time, in the afternoons. Seemed like half the barbers in the country had come to Southern California. Nobody was making any money. Practically all haircut business. Ed was the first man he had shaved today. Safety razors had nearly killed the business. That and ten-cent tips. Used to be, a barber could count on giving a customer a shave and a massage and a haircut and a tonic, and he often got a dollar tip. Now it was just a haircut and no tonic. And ten-cent tips. Business was lousy.

Ed knew the line. He had heard it before. From barbers who were afraid they were about to get fired.

He gave the barber a quarter tip and went around to the door where he was to meet Janey. She came out just as he got there.

"Darling!" she cried. "The most marvelous thing! Mr. du Moulin said I was the best I have ever been. He said I was just about perfect, and he is recommending me for a part in 'Seventh Sin!' Isn't that just wonderful? He said I was really awakened! You know why, don't you?"

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WAKE UP AND LOVE

By HAL and BARBARA BORLAND

THE NEXT DAY Ed and Janey took a bus down to Popango Beach, which is just below Malibu. Janey's bathing suit was the kind that folks back East didn't take up till a few years later. On some girls it might have seemed daring, but it was sure cute on Janey.

She wasn't a very good swimmer. Twice she got out beyond her depth and Ed had to help her. He carried her in his arms, the second time, and she said he was a real hero, because she was sure she would have drowned. After that they just lay on the sand, and she asked him about himself. Ed said he was a kind of soldier of fortune.

"Do you know what I'll bet you would really like to do?" Janey asked. "You will probably think I am awfully bold, but I am going to say it anyway. I'll bet you would like to have a pretty wife you could be proud of who was a movie star. And between pictures you and she could travel."

"There's certainly something to be said for the idea," Ed said.

"You know," Janey said, "the right man can bring out an actress. Like last night. When you kissed me, and I was awakened for the first time."

A tall, thin man with trunks and sunglasses and a shock of dark hair came striding up the

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD WILLIAMS



BALLYHOO WINS A LONG MOVIE QUEUE

By RICHARD LAWRENCE

A HEAVY-SET Englishman with black curly hair, an aquiline nose and three fourths of the world's supply of nonedible corn, has established himself as Canada's outstanding movie theatre manager and won a measure of fame in Vancouver by, among other things, hiring a man in a gorilla suit to chase a beautiful blonde over rooftops, by singing duets with a Mexican dog, and by helping uncover the city's most handsome milkman.

All these things mean "exploitation" to Ivan Ackery, manager of Vancouver's 3,000-seat Orpheum Theatre, the nation's second largest movie house. (Largest is Toronto's Imperial.) "Exploitation" is the way a movie exhibitor says "promotion."

Many Vancouverites have come to know Ackery as well as they know their M.P.'s, police chief or mayor. Someone recently said, "Ivan has thrust himself like a cinder into the public eye." That may be so, but still the public has come to know him affectionately as Ack, Ivan the Terrible (or Terrific) and as Little Orpheum Ackery. In Chinatown they call him Mr. Orpheum.

This delights Ackery. "I love the notoriety," he says.

At 50 Ivan exudes more boyish enthusiasm than is generally believed to be legal. And, for all his 29 years in a cynical business, he remains naive and highly likable.

Often when he speaks the suspicion arises that he has swallowed the soundtrack of some B picture. The only comment he could muster when, in 1946, the Motion Picture Herald judged him North America's outstanding theatre manager of the year, was, "This is the thrill of my life." The Herald had picked him as the outstanding showman among the continent's 19,000 theatre managers, presented him with the Martin Quigley Silver Award. To movie exhibitors the Quigley is just as important as Oscars are to Hollywood stars.

Ivan won the Quigley by his exploitation campaigns of 1946 to lure patrons to the Orpheum's two box offices, front and rear. One of the stunts he staged that year was to select the city's most handsome milkman. This was to publicize "The Kid From Brooklyn," in which Danny Kaye was cast as a dairy deliveryman.

One hundred and thirty milkmen, their families, their carts and their horses turned up at Ackery's

Bachelor Ackery with the Orpheum's B. C. beauties.

IVAN ("THE TERRIBLE") ACKERY AND HIS FAMOUS FRIENDS



From Rudy Vallee, a gong for promotion.



Yvonne de Carlo started at the Orpheum.



For the kids, Bambi and Ivan harmonize.

invitation to a special milkmen's matinee. The carts and horses were left standing outside (where, as intended, they incited considerable curiosity among passers-by) while the milkmen went inside to compete.

Ackery likes to recall that the winner's boss was so delighted he readily agreed to advertise the picture on 15,000 bottle tops. This proved that no space, barring perhaps the head of a pin, is too small to accommodate an Ackery plug.

But the milkman himself went sour on his triumph. "The poor guy took an awful ribbing from his women customers," Ivan explains.

That same year Ivan also staged contests to find Vancouver's Frank Sinatra, Dinah Shore and Margaret O'Brien and British Columbia's Snow White.

The Dinah Shore contest was won by a girl truckdriver who, after a brief night club engagement arranged by Ackery, became a knock-about stooge and singer at the State Theatre, then a burlesque house. (On the other hand, Ackery can, and frequently does, mention that Yvonne De Carlo got her first break by competing in Orpheum amateur contests.)

Hundreds of Vancouver mothers put their mop-pets' hair in pigtails, scrubbed them and bundled them off to the Orpheum when Ackery was looking for Vancouver's Margaret O'Brien. The sight of hundreds of small girls milling about the theatre entrance gladdened Ivan's heart, not only in a

crass commercial way, but sentimentally, too. "Gosh, I love kids and dogs," says bachelor Ackery.

It is for the children who flock to his twice-monthly cartoon shows that Ivan teams up with Bambi, his tiny Chihuahua dog, to sing duets. Bambi is undoubtedly Ivan's best friend.

These Saturday cartoon shows have won editorial praise from the newspapers and have created a lot of good will among parents. From time to time the fire chief, chief of police or the mayor attends and gives a short talk.

Ivan's promotion stunts are most often corny, sometimes clever, hardly ever original, but nearly always effective.

To plug the opening of "Mighty Joe Young," a picture about a gorilla, he hired a man to put on a gorilla suit, clamber up the face of the Orpheum building to the roof where, by pre-arrangement, he came upon a beautiful blonde and began chasing her. The blonde was Dorothy Meadowcroft, Ivan's secretary, who accepts such goings-on as part of the routine.

The film, which on its merits alone might not

have drawn even the local gorilla population to the Orpheum, did a mighty opening-day business.

Even the opposition isn't above using Ackery's name to boost its own pictures. This was done at the time of the "Mighty Joe Young" episode by one of his friendly rivals, Al Jenkins, manager of the Plaza, an Odeon Theatre which lurks directly across the street from the Orpheum, a Famous Players house.

To publicize a film of his own, which also featured a gorilla or two, Jenkins placed an empty theatre seat on the street outside the Plaza and on it tacked a sign, reading, "This seat reserved for Ivan Ackery to see 'Africa Screams.'" Jenkins had taken it for granted that Ackery's name was sufficiently familiar to stand on its own.

Ivan didn't get to see "Africa Screams," though he usually does take in two or three other shows a week besides his own. "I like the movies," he says. "They're great." "Great" is his favorite superlative.

His own taste in pictures coincides closely with those of Orpheum audiences. He likes adventure, mysteries, love stories

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This movie manager proved that gorillas, handsome milkmen, beautiful blondes and a singing dog keep a box office busy



In Hollywood he hobnobs with Alan Ladd.



Backstage, a friendly chat with Jack Benny.



With "Forest Rangers" came Susan Hayward.

PHOTOS BY PROVINCE, LINDSAY, STODDARD, PARTRIDGE

NEW WEAPONS IN THE WAR AGAINST CANCER

Medical scientists warn against false hopes but they're definitely getting places in this relentless battle

By JOHN E. PFEIFFER

THE FIGHT against cancer is being won. It isn't a blitz of sudden great discoveries, magic chemical bullets or miracle drugs. It's a slow, steadily progressing and extremely expensive war of attrition.

The anticancer drive is manned by an international army which is advancing on a carefully thought-out plan. The cancer fighters have armed themselves with some bizarre new weapons. These include everything from sea-urchins' eggs and a fashionable textile dye called "Nile blue" to the milk of 10,000 mice, the spectacular drugs cortisone and ACTH, and the University of California's huge atom-smashing cyclotron.

The fight is being carried out on three main fronts. First, new methods of detecting cancer in apparently healthy people. Second, further probing into the baffling and still unsolved riddle: What actually causes cancer? Third, more efficient ways of killing cancerous growths.

In the forefront in the war is the scientific detective work being carried out by laboratory sleuths seeking new and more efficient means of finding cancer at an early stage. The accent on diagnosis is based on one key fact. Even if doctors fail to gain any new knowledge about cancer, improved methods of spotting symptoms—followed by standard treatments of radiation and surgery—could probably save 50,000 lives a year in the U.S. and 4,000 in Canada.

Doctors know that many patients can be saved if their condition is spotted early enough. A recent University of Michigan survey shows that nine out of 10 cases of early cervical cancer were five-year cures. That means there were no signs of recurrence five years after the last treatment. But in

advanced cases of this cancer the recovery rate is only about half as high. The difference indicates the advantage of detecting and removing early-stage tumors.

One of the latest advances on this front was foreshadowed last summer when a fortunate coincidence occurred at the New York Polyclinic Hospital. A 40-year-old housewife happened to show up for a routine medical examination and Dr. S. A. Gladstone, one of the city's crack pathologists, happened to be studying a new method for diagnosing cancer of the uterus. Normally, he wouldn't have thought of testing the patient. She hadn't complained of any symptoms that might indicate cancer and she would naturally have balked at the standard procedure of "biopsy," the surgical removal of a section of tissue for telltale microscopic analysis.

This time the circumstances were unusual. Dr. Gladstone had been testing cancer patients to find whether his new method would spot known cases. Now he wanted to try the technique on healthy persons. Furthermore, the test itself didn't call for surgery. The idea was simply to rub a gelatine sponge across suspected tissues, and pick up loose cells which could then be studied under the microscope. Since the test was painless and rapid the woman consented to it.

Sometimes a Needle in the Haystack

THE DOCTOR was shocked to find that the woman reacted positively. He repeated the test and a biopsy finally confirmed the diagnosis of cervical cancer. When the woman was operated on surgeons found and removed a small malignant tumor that had not yet spread widely. The odds are extremely high that this patient will be a five-year case.

Dr. Gladstone has used his sponge test in more

than 800 cases and it is being tried on a large scale in other hospitals. Actually, it's a modification of the more widely studied "smear" method advocated by Dr. George N. Papanicolaou, of the Cornell University Medical College. In the smear test loose cells are obtained with a spoon-shaped scraping instrument instead of a sponge.

Both tests are being used in an effort to help detect cancer of the stomach, lungs, esophagus and many other accessible parts of the body. And both represent one of the features of the booming stop-cancer drive—early diagnosis.

These methods of detecting cancer require samples of cells from that part of the body where cancer is suspected. Therefore, any general, overall checkup of a supposedly healthy person for cancer would mean that the examining doctor would have to take specimens from a score of different parts of the body. Now, medical sleuths are trying to find a way in which cancer can be detected at once anywhere in the body without the needle-in-a-haystack search that's now necessary.

The work has had its tragedies. Although cancer researchers don't "catch" cancer as a result of their work scientists in the midst of their careers have succumbed to the disease they were trying to prevent. One such story is that of young Dr. Albert Harris, of the Sioux Valley Hospital in South Dakota, who developed a test which spotted a tumor in his own body. It was based on a reaction of rabbit serum with chemically treated urine from a suspected case. A cloudy solution meant "no cancer" and a clear fluid was the danger signal. Early last year when Harris became ill colleagues administered his own test to him. The solution was clear. They never told the young doctor about the "success" of his test and he died a few weeks later from brain cancer.

Most recent research, however, has involved analysis of blood rather than urine. The hope is to develop a blood test for cancer which, like the Wassermann test for syphilis, would spot the disease in an overwhelming majority of cases. But one warning—during the past generation there have been at least 50 to 100 reports of new blood tests, and the originators of the tests always had far greater success than others trying to check their results.

But one of the most exciting things about cancer research today is the hunch—it isn't a fact yet—that biologists are closing in on man's most baffling malady. That goes for the blood-test problem especially.

It's felt now that cancer may be essentially the result of proteins gone wrong. During World War II, Dr. Edwin J. Cohn, of Harvard, with 50 co-workers assisting, was able to split the blood into "fractions" (plasma, red cells, protein molecules, etc.). Such precise new methods of analyzing blood are beginning to pay off in cancer research.

Can They Starve a Tumor?

FOR EXAMPLE, more than two years ago Dr. Florence B. Seibert at the University of Pennsylvania compared the blood-protein composition of cancer patients with those of healthy persons. The cancer patients' blood contained nearly 60% more of the so-called "alpha-2" globulin proteins, a difference which indicated destruction of cells by cancerous growths. Also, the total protein level decreased in the cancer patients. Egg-white albumin showed a particularly marked decline of 28% (this protein gathers in cancer cells and perhaps serves to nourish the wildly growing tumors).

Differences such as these are the basis for a new blood test which appears very promising. One was announced recently at a meeting of the American Association for Cancer Research by Dr. Charles B. Huggins, of the University of Chicago. It requires only about an ounce of blood from which the cells and certain other substances are removed to give the clear yellowish serum.

Equal parts of the protein-containing serum are poured into 10 test tubes. Increasing amounts of a chemical known as iodoacetic acid are added to each tube going from

Continued on page 34

You Don't Eat the Right Leg

A strict gourmet wouldn't blunt his teeth on the woodcock's starboard drumstick or nibble hors d'oeuvres before dinner. In Montreal's Club 55 it's what Curnonsky says that counts

By DOROTHY SANGSTER

IN LA TOUR EIFFEL, an excellent French restaurant in downtown Montreal, I had dinner recently with Commandant Maurice L. Billard, founder of Le Club des 55, a group of half a hundred Gallic gourmets (or lovers of fine food).

We ate a delicious roast pork dinner, accompanied by a white wine, and terminated by coffee. Then, the meal over, I took out my notebook. About the same time, becoming thirsty, I reached for my wine glass . . .

I had the glass halfway to my lips when an agonized voice broke out, "Please, no! Please!"

Dropping the glass, I stared at my host. He looked as if he had been stabbed.

"Excuse me," he apologized, "but really, you startled me."

"But why?" I wondered. "What did I do?"

He looked at me in amazement. "What did you do? You nearly drank wine after your coffee! To a gourmet coffee is the end of the meal, except of course for a small liqueur. But to drink one's wine after one's coffee, *Mon Dieu!* that is terrible."

Ordinary humans are apt to be baffled by the attitudes of really devout gourmets like, for instance, the European gastronome who was visiting rich friends in the United States and was invited to meet Theodore Roosevelt at dinner. Asked later how he liked the President, he confessed that as far as he was concerned the chief attraction was a plate of tiny and extremely delicious oysters from California.

So sensitive are the palates of some gourmets that they refuse to blunt their teeth on any part of a woodcock but the left leg.

Why only the left leg?

Because the woodcock stands on its right leg.

Commandant Billard and his Montreal group don't go that far—yet. If, one of these days, a really creative chef decides to set before them *bécasse souwaroff*, a delectable dish of whole woodcocks stuffed with *foie gras*, wrapped in bacon and cooked with truffles in Madeira, they will probably gobble up every last mouthful of it and lick their lips defiantly at their more choosy brethren.

"We of Club 55 are not cranks or snobs, like some of those others," says *Le Commandant*. "We are just simple men who like our food well-cooked, nicely served, and accompanied, *naturellement!* with the appropriate wines."

Club 55 was organized in 1948 when Billard (whose father was a French chef and whose mother a Cordon Bleu cook) got

Continued on page 31

Maurice Billard, founder of Montreal's gourmet club, tests a sauce backstage at the Cafe Martin.

RAY SAUER



Huck Finn With a Brogue

Continued from page 17

the thing that it carries over to everybody else in the studio."

Tommy Tweed, no slouch in front of a mike himself, put it this way: "Drainie is the only actor who can make me cry."

Andrew Allan, who has directed Drainie more than anyone else, stated recently, "I don't know of a better radio actor anywhere, and I know of very few better actors in any medium."

Drainie is one radio actor who will have nothing to fear from television. He possesses a sort of boyish attractiveness and a friendly manner. He has an abundance of brown hair trimmed long, broad forehead, regular features, a fairly substantial mustache and a fine sensitive mouth.

There is nothing arty about Drainie. He doesn't wear a beard like his good friends Lister Sinclair and Tommy Tweed, nor do his clothes resemble rejects from Bundles for Britain. He usually dresses in a conservative business suit.

In and out of the studio Drainie is constantly studying different types of people wherever he sees them, listening to them talk, trying to talk like them.

Scribbles on His Scripts

The best way to talk like another person, he says, is to try and feel like him. You must consider his temperament, his character, what part of what country he comes from (Drainie can do almost every accent and dialect), his age (the voice is higher pitched in youth; breathing is affected around the age of 50), his build (fat men usually have higher voices than thin men).

Drainie attended 11 showings of the movie "The Prisoner of Zenda" just to find out what it was that C. Aubrey Smith muttered as, choked with emotion, he watched Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., ride off into the sunset. Finally he concluded that the mumbles were completely indistinguishable. But by that time he was able to do a perfect imitation of the bit. Tommy Tweed later wrote a scene into a play just so that Drainie could do his imitation on the air. That's one way radio plays are born.

Recently, while playing the part of Julius Monk in R. S. Lambert's "For the Time Is at Hand," Drainie aged from 16 to 85 in an hour's time.

The first step in getting a radio play on the air is the read-through. Actors and producers sit around the studio on collapsible metal chairs and read the script. To some this is just a quick get-acquainted-with-the-story session. Not Drainie. Right off he begins studying his lines.

Drainie is the greatest script marker in the business. Script marking is a contentious point among radio people—some swear by it; others scorn it. Drainie's marks consist mostly of underlined words. When you ask him what the underlines mean he scratches his head and says, "Well . . . uh . . . it means different things at different times." Then there are a series of pot-hooks, check marks, question marks, dashes and just scratches—all of which also mean different things at different times.

"The pencil," Drainie says, "is the bridge between the cold print and me. By means of it I develop an affinity with the script. It becomes part of me." He explains further that he never likes to be taken by surprise by anything in the script.

On one broadcast last season he was taken badly by surprise. The story is

still told with awe around the CBC. It was the play "Hoghead's Last Run," one of the Len Peterson series, "Men At Work."

Drainie was playing an engineer who was being retired after 40 years' service. He said good-by to his wife in the morning and came home again in the evening. The main body of the play consisted of flashbacks of his years of railroading.

The actress playing his wife got confused somehow and thought she was all through after the first little scene. Halfway through the show she got permission to leave from Frank Willis, the director.

Came Drainie's big scene. He returned home to his wife after his last day, full of memories and feelings.

The sound man opened the door.

Drainie said, "Hello, dear . . . I'm home."

No answer. No actress!

Without losing a second Drainie made a switch. "Hmm," he mused. "Nobody home. She must have gone down to the corner." Then he began to improvise a soliloquy to replace the dialogue written on the script. Not only the words had to be changed, but the mood as well.

Willis dashed from the control room into the hall, grabbed the first actress he saw (Beth Lockerbie), gave her a script and shoved her into the breach. So now Drainie had to make up more lines to get his wife back into the scene. He did it without the listeners ever suspecting a thing.

"It was the quickest bit of thinking I've ever seen in radio," says Willis.

This sort of thing sometimes happens during broadcasts. Actors turn over two pages at once, drop pages, lose their places, and so on. It calls for quick thinking.

Once Drainie, who is at times absent-minded, was the goat instead of the hero. When his cue came in a Stage 46 show he simply wasn't there. The situation was saved by Fletcher Markle who was sitting in the front seat of the auditorium. He leaped to his feet and read Drainie's lines.

After this Andrew Allan insisted Drainie buy himself a watch. John did and wore it dutifully. But the hands came off and for a while he was wearing a watch with no hands. However, now he has a proper watch and has not missed a cue since.

A Nickel in Your Eye

But to get back to the production of a radio show. After the read-through the director gets busy. He may say, "This line at the top of page 6 . . . I want you to do a Thing there." The word "Thing" means that intangible something an actor does with his voice to create an impression. For instance, Allan tells of Drainie working in the Wednesday Night show, "Portrait of a Year," in which, incidentally, he did six parts.

Two of the characters Drainie had to play were the Duke of Wellington and Prince Metternich—both old men of about the same age, both conservatives of a similar nature. And, worst of all, they were using no accents on that show.

"It was a most remarkable achievement," Allan says. "Somehow—I don't know how—John made you think of the retired victor of Waterloo when he was doing Wellington and of the cynical Viennese prince when he was doing Metternich." That is a Thing.

One reason Drainie excels at this is that he works hardest at it. During the breaks when neophytes are sitting in the CBC cafeteria chatting artily Drainie is probably off by himself somewhere going over and over his lines, trying to

get them perfect. The only time he ever loses his temper in the studio is with himself when he cannot get a line to suit him.

But sometimes, too, when he has a small part Drainie has time to kill in the studio. Last spring, for instance, while playing the valet in the hour-and-a-half Restoration comedy, "The Way of the World," Drainie was in front of the mike for less than 10 minutes. For this bit he put in over 13 hours rehearsal and was paid \$72—the same as the actor with the heaviest part.

A Bungle in a Bulletin

Times like this Drainie usually fools around with Tommy Tweed. They work out little acts together. Or they experiment with sounds—the sound of spittle falling into a canyon; the sound of the bell over a grocery store door ("It sounds something like the grocer talks") and so on.

Now it is all fooling. Both men have television very much on their minds. They have doped out some tricky acts. Like, for instance, the telephone act with Drainie as the telephone. Tweed drops a nickel into Drainie's eye and Drainie goes "tink ting," exactly like the coin going down. Tweed dials his face and Drainie makes the dial noise. Then he comes up with a busy sound, followed by a returning coin.

"I'll never need to worry about television as long as I have Drainie to work with," Tweed says.

Drainie has been acting for as long as he can remember. Like many other Canadian radio stars (Bernie Braden, Alan Young, Fletcher Markle) he grew up in Vancouver. Drainie was born on April 1, 1916. His father once played the piano professionally and an Aunt Stella painted better than average pictures of flowers. Outside of that there was nothing artistic about the Drainie family.

John's first real acting job was at 8 when he played Alan-a-Dale in a school play. In North Vancouver High School he was president of the dramatic society and of the High Y Club; organized a Major Bowes amateur hour; wrote, directed and acted in numerous skits and plays; and sang baritone in a quartet.

After graduating from high school he jumped onto the stage with both feet. He joined the Vancouver Little Theatre group, later the Community Playhouse.

During this period Drainie was picking up all the radio acting jobs he could get. For one of his earlier serials, "Tom Sawyer," he received \$1 for a half-hour show with unlimited rehearsals. Even as late as 1938 he was paid only \$3 for half-hour shows on the CBC.

The Association of Canadian Radio Artists has put an end to all that. Now the least any actor can be paid for a half-hour show is \$17.50. Drainie's highest rate is \$62.50 for starring on "Buckingham Theatre." He is making upward of \$10,000 a year.

Success didn't come easy to Drainie. After a short, swift and fruitless poke at Hollywood in 1939 he joined the staff of Vancouver Station CJOR as an announcer, technician, sound man, actor, writer and what-have-you.

A radio announcer isn't considered bona fide until he's made at least one bad flub. Drainie remembers a honey. While plugging a "fascinating display of new spring apparel" for a dress shop, he said—"Come down and feast your eyes on these exciting new virgins . . . er . . . versions."

Then came what Drainie calls the turning point in his career. He met up with, and came under the influence of, radio producers Fletcher Markle and

Maclean's Magazine, January 15, 1950

Andrew Allan. Soon most of Drainie's work was connected with either or both of the masters.

In the "Baker's Dozen" series, which Markle wrote and produced for CBC, and which, according to some, was the beginning of big things in Canadian radio drama, Drainie announced the show, did the sound effects and acted.

In the fall of 1941 Drainie moved over to the CBC station, CBR, where he did announcing and sound effects. The following April he married Claire Murray, a talented actress who had worked with him on many shows. Mrs. Drainie is still in radio and is best known to Canadians as Aunt Mary in the serial "John and Judy."

Drainie recalls that he had much trouble with newscasts. His great ambition was to read one from beginning to end without a flub. One night he almost made it. He sailed right through a newscast, including the weather, without even clearing his throat. Right up to the final line, that is, when he purred, "This is Bill Herbert speaking." That's what was written at the bottom of the script.

Drainie went to Toronto in February of 1943 as a CBC staff announcer. Six months later he was free-lancing. Now he figures on averaging about \$200 per week the year round.

He does as much legitimate theatre as he can work in, mostly with the New Play Society and the Earle Grey Players, for which he gets no pay. He has taught acting and sound effects at the Academy of Radio Arts and he acted as dialogue director for the Canadian-made movie, "Bush Pilot." Last year both he and his wife worked in a Film Board production called "Family Circle."

Claire Kills the Climax

When they have time John and Claire Drainie collaborate on writing a play. Their latest was "Flow Gently Sweet Limbo," which was produced on Stage 48.

The Drainies have three small children (girls three and four and a boy eight months) and no regular help. So, when mother is away acting, father is baby-sitting.

During the odd times their schedules allow them to be home together the Drainies play chess (mother usually wins), listen to music (Drainie likes classical and bebop) or listen to recordings of the now-extinct radio serial "Vic and Sade." Drainie has 38 of these records and sometimes holds "Vic and Sade" parties.

Drainie likes good talk and especially a good argument on any subject from politics to the fine points of Greek tragedy. He is an ardent raconteur and usually does imitations of each character who enters the story. Like most wives Claire helps his stories along by sometimes stepping in just before the pay-off in time to ruin the carefully built-up climax.

For a half hour every Sunday evening at 6 Drainie becomes Mort Clay, the somewhat stumblebum father in the family serial "Allan and Me." According to Willis, the producer, Drainie has many of the "same lovable qualities and failings as poor old Mort." Drainie and wife are inclined to agree.

Lister Sinclair, who is exceptionally fond of Drainie and to whom Drainie goes for help with his Shakespearean roles, tells of Drainie phoning him at home one Tuesday to say he'd be over at 4 for tea. The following Thursday at 4.30 he phoned again to say he'd be a little late.

"His mind just got off on something else for a couple of days, you see," Sinclair explains. ★

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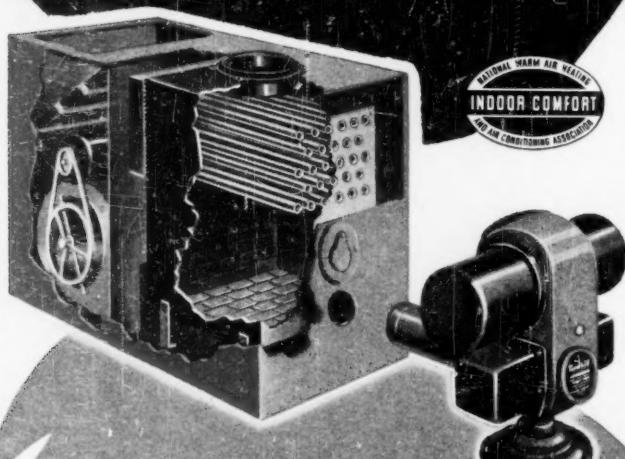
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Ballyhoo Wins a Long Movie Queue

Continued from page 23

and musicals. The Orpheum does not show prestige pictures or heavy dramas of the Bette Davis type, but "general appeal" films. The Capitol is Famous Players' prestige theatre in Vancouver, the Orpheum its family theatre. Vancouverites flock to the Orpheum at the rate of 1 million a year.

The quality of a picture means something to Ivan, but by no means everything. "I know it's a stinker, but I'll do a great business with it," he recently told a booker who was trying to dissuade him from showing a particularly rank turkey.

There is method in this sort of madness and, in fact, on second thought it's not madness at all. For the all-time record for a single day's business at the Orpheum was set by a Technicolor offering which the critics had unanimously declared atrocious. This was Cecil B. DeMille's "The Unconquered." Thirteen thousand paid to see it on Good Friday, 1948, and broke the Orpheum's candy counter sales record to boot.

The greatest box office picture ever to play the Orpheum (or any other theatre) was "Gone With the Wind," which needed no exploitation. This has always bothered Ackery—he had a wonderful publicity angle which he had promised never to tell the Press. Vivien Leigh's small daughter, then a war refugee in Vancouver, came almost nightly to watch her mother portray Scarlet O'Hara on the screen.

Ackery admits that some stars have a big influence on the box office (Danny Kaye and Alan Ladd are two of his top-drawing stars) but believes the drawing power of a good title is often underrated by others in the business. "I like a picture with a good strong title, like 'Down to the Sea in Ships,'" he says.

When he lists his own all-time favorite screen entertainment he harks back to the silent days. "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse"—no, I can't spell it—with Valentino was a great picture," he recalls. "So was 'Scarborough'—I can't spell that either—with Ramon Novarro and Lewis Stone. And 'Smilin' Through,' the talkie with Norma Shearer."

Ivan is greatly pleased by the fact that both he and Cary Grant were born in Bristol, England. In Ackery's case, this took place on October 29, 1900. After attending the Duke of York Royal Military School, in Dover, he came to Canada in 1914 with his mother, a Boer War widow.

Today he astonishes friends by telling them that he is a member of the school's old boys' association. It surprises them to learn that there is a streak of the old school tie in such a flamboyant character as Little Orpheum Ackery.

When Ivan was 14 he went overseas with the Canadian Army. He was sent home from France as underage, enlisted again, got to France again, was sent back to England and then got to France a third time. He was still underage at the Armistice but he saw some action.

He got into the theatre business in 1920 as a \$5-a-week usher at the Capitol Theatre in Calgary. That was, and still is, a Famous Players theatre and he's been with Famous ever since. With bonuses he now averages around \$7,000 a year.

He made his first mark as a promoting manager in the twilight era of the silent days when he pulled the Dominion Theatre, Vancouver, out of

the red. "I did it by circusing the house," he says. "One week, I remember, I turned the place into a nickelodeon, sprinkled sawdust on the floor and revived 'The Great Train Robbery.' I played a horn in the pit band that week to liven things up."

Ackery came to the Orpheum in 1937 from the Strand, Vancouver, which he had also put on a paying basis after it had been closed by the depression. He is sentimentally attached to the Orpheum, one of the last of the luxuriant picture palaces, and it is, apart possibly from his dog Bambi, the biggest thing in his life.

After his Quigley triumph there was talk of moving him into a head-office job, but Ivan did not want to part with the Orpheum. "I really love that theatre," he says.

He is happiest when he is in the thick of promoting. Then he can think of nothing but the picture he is selling. When he was ballyhooing "Mighty Joe Young" he'd answer the phone with, "This is Mighty Joe Young speaking." He burst into a Famous Players party, beating his chest and yelling, "Have no fear, Mighty Joe Young is here!"

Sometimes Ivan makes it appear he has deliberately set out to see how corny he can get. Once he inserted this classified ad in the newspapers: "If it's love you're after, phone Marine 8820." Scores of lovelorn dialed Marine 8820 which, naturally, is the Orpheum's number. And, of course, the Orpheum was about to play a film called, "If It's Love You're After."

Convict, Cowboy or Matador

Recently, when he was pushing "Father Was a Fullback," Ivan was happy to present one of the film's stars, Rudy Vallee, on the Orpheum stage, but he got a lot more kick out of dressing his doorman like a professor and sending him out carrying a sign, "I am the absent-minded professor. Please remind me to see 'Father Was a Fullback' at the Orpheum Theatre."

For years a man named Harry Randall worked for Ackery as a sandwichman. "I have been Mickey Mouse a thousand times," says rueful Randall.

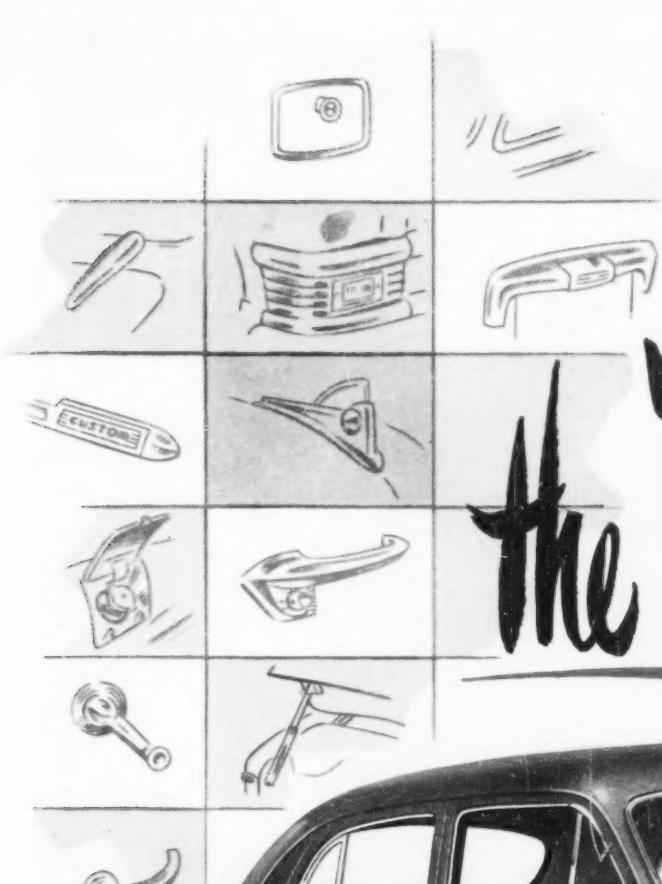
Once Harry sat on a stool at the city's busiest intersection in a raging blizzard wearing an artist's smock and beret and dabbing on a canvas ("Rembrandt the Great"). Another time he posed as a bum and sat nibbling on an old rye bottle filled with cold tea ("The Lost Weekend"). He has been a matador ("Blood and Sand"), a convict ("Each Dawn I Die") and a cowboy so many times he has often thought of taking up the guitar.

Ivan says there is nothing like a pretty girl when it comes to making people happy so he employs 16 of them as ushers. They get into the act, too. The week preceding a special film and during its run he dresses them in outfits suggesting the theme or locale of the picture. From time to time they have been Waves, farmers, cheer leaders, harem girls, colleens, and, for "Down to the Sea in Ships" they wore bathing suits under transparent oilskins and sou'westers.

Ivan loves going on stage himself to m.c. stage shows and to lead community singing. But he is a master of maladroit speech. Once, after having praised a picture, "The Last Days of Pompeii," to the sky he ended up with, "It's a great picture, don't fail to miss it." Preston Foster, one of the stars of the picture, heard about it, bought Ivan a new hat.

Quite apart from his exploitation work Ackery has plenty to do. He usually reaches the theatre before the

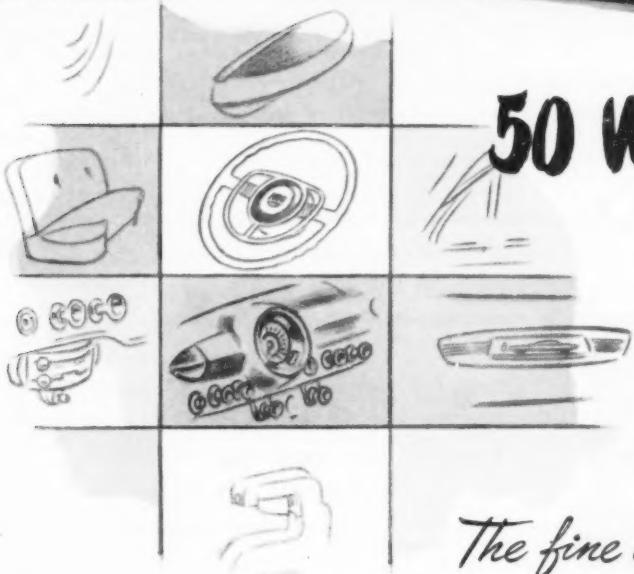
Continued on page 31



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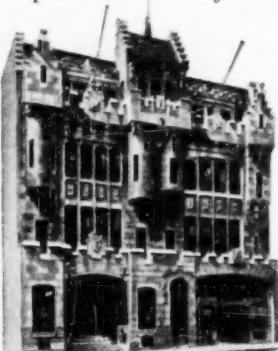
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countries know of the quality, variety and prestige of our products, the more likely they are to buy from us.

* * *

We feel that the horizon of industry does not terminate at the boundary line of its plants; it has a broader horizon, a farther view—this view embraces the entire Dominion. That is why The House of Seagram believes that it is in the interest of every Canadian manufacturer to help the sale of all Canadian products in foreign markets. It is in this spirit that these advertisements are being published throughout the world.



The House of Seagram

Continued from page 28
doors open at 11 a.m. In the morning he attends to the details in the office and then grabs a quick lunch downtown.

In the afternoon he may visit the Famous Players sign shop to order lobby and marquee displays. He may have a screening to arrange for the Press, newspaper ads to check, or a booking conference at the local head office.

Around 5 or 5:30 he drives home in his black sedan to his West End apartment. His dinner is prepared by a housekeeper. After supper he relaxes, reads the paper, showers and changes. He is an immaculate dresser, always wears dark suits and white shirts. In the winter he wears evening clothes for the night performance.

"I can put a dress suit on, boiled shirt and all, in one minute flat," he boasts.

He'll always find time for a frolic with Bambi before leaving for the theatre. He's back there around 7:30 or 8 and stays on the job till around midnight. Most of the time he circulates, making sure things are running smoothly and greeting the hundreds of patrons he knows by sight or name. On Friday and Saturday nights he sees that the ushers are handling the line-ups efficiently; on dull nights he makes certain the patrons are being spread evenly throughout the auditorium. "A lopsided house looks terrible."

On opening day he sits through one complete show and afterward confers with one or more of his four projectionists on the running time and the sound volume. If the program is

running overtime he'll suggest clipping a scene from the newsreel. If the feature is a drama he may suggest an increase in the sound volume at just the right moment to give the heroine's screams maximum effect.

Once a month he holds a conference with his 56 employees. These include an assistant manager, chief engineer, stage manager, stage hands, projectionists, doormen, candy girls, usherettes and cleaning crew.

Glove droppers and pocketbook losers (average: one of each a night) are a constant source of trouble to Ivan and his staff. Most valuable find ever made by one of the staff was a \$5,000 necklace. This pleased Ivan because the story made page one.

Sometimes people who get overwrought while watching a film can be a nuisance. Once, during the showing of an Alan Ladd gangster picture, a nervous woman confronted Ackery and demanded he call the cops. She explained that a young man in the seat behind her had whispered to another young man, "Park your gun under the seat."

Ivan sent for the cops, brought the youths out into the lobby and, of course, discovered that they were not parking guns, but gum.

Real guns have been brandished at the Orpheum in four holdups. In one case the bandit was caught by the cashier. She spotted him on the street days later, gave chase, followed him when he boarded a streetcar and, finally, with the help of a couple of men, captured him.

Ackery was extremely proud of her. "She got us on page one," he says. ★

You Don't Eat the Right Leg

Continued from page 25

together a few of his food-loving friends and suggested it. Billard was born in Lorraine, went to live in Paris where he became an *habitue* of gastronomic centres and an enthusiastic member of many gourmet clubs. After serving in two wars he was wounded in 1940, went to England, underwent seven operations in seven years on his leg (which was finally amputated) and came to Canada a couple of years ago.

Apart from his military service his whole life had centred around good food, and soon he found himself publishing a French-language magazine, *Gastronomie—The Magazine for Gourmets*.

As editor-in-chief, Billard came in direct contact with that most deplorable product of Canadian kitchens—Canadian cooking. It shook him.

It seemed to him that Canada had wonderful food: meat, fish, vegetables, apples, berries of every kind and flavor. In Quebec, he knew, there existed thick *soupe aux pois* and crisp *grand-pères*, those mouth-watering little doughballs cooked in maple syrup. In the Maritimes there were lobsters and clam chowder; in the Annapolis Valley, "blueberry grunt"; on the Prairies, smoked Winnipeg Goldeye; in Vancouver, crabs; in Oka, cheese; in Saskatchewan, wild-rosebud jelly; in Val d'Or, stewed bears' paws; and, in Flin Flon, that most authentic Canadian dish of all, beaver-tail soup.

All these specialties existed in Canada, but who ever tasted them? For that matter, who (even in the big cities) ever tasted any really good food of any kind? As far as Billard could see restaurant meals in this country ranged from fair to bad.

He got together a few similarly disappointed friends—well-known Montreal figures like Gerard Raymond, K.C., Leopold Fortier, Dr. Edmond Dufresne, Mario Lattoni, K.C.—and they decided to do something about it. They rounded up a group of doctors, lawyers, professors, businessmen and journalists, and Club 55 was born. Its mission: To inspire chefs to create and serve better meals and to teach Canadians how to appreciate the best in food and drink.

By dining out *en masse* once a month or oftener, each time in a different restaurant, and by insisting on gourmet fare themselves, the club hopes to stimulate the demand for good meals to such an extent that Canada—starting with Quebec *naturellement!*—will in time become a tourist's paradise.

"We are extremely serious about this thing," says energetic, articulate Billard who, incidentally, calls himself "*le dictateur*" of Club 55.

Fifty years ago the great French gastronome and philosopher, Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, wrote: "Gastronomy is an implicit resignation to the orders of the Creator, who, having ordered us to eat in order to live, invited us to do so by appetite, sustained us by flavor, and recompensed us for it with pleasure."

With this excellent philosophy in mind Club 55 dutifully sat down to its inaugural dinner while Chef E. J. Fontanier, of the Ritz Carlton Hotel, newly arrived from France, presented for their approval the following menu:

*Le consommé des viveurs en tasse
Le gratin d'homard Lucullus
Le baron d'agneau sarladaise avec les haricots
Panaches maitre d'hôtel
La salade gauloise
Les fromages
La bombe glacée Rothschild
Les fruits
La demi-tasse*

"I had to watch a
Three-day Football game!"

says SUSAN HAYWARD,
co-starred with DANA ANDREWS
in the SAMUEL GOLDWYN production,
"MY FOOLISH HEART"



Though it lasts only a few minutes on the screen, the football sequence in "My Foolish Heart" took days to film! I sat with chilled, icy hands through three days of the rawest, meanest weather before we got the final "take"...



I washed dishes for hours to satisfy director Robson...



But Jergens Lotion kept my hands beautiful...



In romantic close-ups with Dana Andrews.



Because it's liquid, Jergens is quickly absorbed...

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST?
To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by the upper layers of the skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion (left hand). It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat skin with oily film (right hand).

Prove it by making this easy test...



You'll see why Jergens is my beauty secret.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world

10¢, 25¢, 50¢, 98¢ • Made in Canada

**THERE'S A
RIGHT WAY
TO DO EVERYTHING!**

**and the RIGHT WAY
to build is with
B.C. COAST WOODS**

Pacific Coast Hemlock, for example, provides one of the world's most beautiful and durable low-cost flooring woods.

Seasoned Pacific Coast Hemlock grows harder with age, yet it remains attractively light in color. The straight grain and clear, resin-free texture of the wood stains evenly and takes varnish extremely well.

Under normal conditions of wear, Pacific Coast Hemlock will not splinter or crack. And the grain does not raise.

Your retail lumber dealer will tell you the economy advantages of using Pacific Coast Hemlock flooring in your home.

Free Booklets—Our illustrated booklets show how to build for beauty and economy using time-tested B.C. Coast woods in your home.



| | |
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| Please send me free booklets as checked: | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Use Pacific Coast Hemlock | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Use Western Red Cedar | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> A Quality Home Can Cost Less | |
| Name _____ | |
| Address _____ | |
| City _____ Prov. _____ | |

IT'S SMART TO BUILD WITH THESE



B.C. COAST WOODS

Which translates roughly into a clear soup, lobster in a crusty sauce, a pair of hindquarters with legs and loins of lamb, string beans and wax beans mixed in butter, a salad, cheese, a molded ice, fruit and coffee.

To any innocent naïve enough to murmur, "Clear soup, lobster, a roast of lamb . . . what's so special about that?" I present Chef Fontanier's recipe for the second dish on the menu, *Le gratin d'homard Lucullus*.

Ready? Allons!

Take "some rather big lobsters" (about 2½ pounds each).

Cook them à l'Américain, to wit: Working with live lobsters, not the dead variety, sever and slightly crush their claws; cut their tails into sections; split the shell in two lengthwise and remove the "queen"—the little bag near the head containing some gravel. Put aside on a plate the intestines and the coral which will be used in the finishing of the sauce. Season the pieces of lobster with salt and pepper and cook in their shells by frying over an open fire in a saucepan containing a hot mixture of olive oil and butter.

When the meat is cooked and the shell a fine red color, remove. Tilt frying pan on side and remove fat. To lobster add two chopped shallots, a crushed clove of garlic, ½ pint white wine, ¼ pint fish fumet (this is a separate recipe which we won't go into here), a small glassful of burnt brandy, one tablespoon of melted meat glaze (another separate recipe), 3 small fresh, pressed, chopped tomatoes, a pinch of chopped parsley and a tiny bit of cayenne. Cover the saucepan. Cook in the oven 18 minutes. Remove.

Checking UP on the Chef

Make a purée of mushrooms by rubbing 2 lb. of clean mushrooms through a sieve without cooking. Mix mushrooms with Sauce Bechamel (yet another recipe). Stuff this purée into the lobster shells.

Now cut the lobster tails in slices and decorate lobster shells with tails and truffles in alternate slices.

Cover with sauce à l'Américain (the stuff the lobster cooked in, only reduced to ½ pint and mixed with the intestines and the coral and a chunk of butter, the whole put through a strainer), mixed with ½ of its quantity of Hollandaise sauce (another recipe). Decorate with a trim of puff paste (another recipe), put in oven to gratinée and serve on crusty toast.

(Anyone who wants to know how to gratinée lobster is advised to look it up in Escoffier's Cook Book, the bible of gourmets. It is a separate recipe, half a page long.)

Although they admit going overboard for the occasional elaborate dish like this gourmets insist that they are not gluttons. "Gluttons slander the noble name of gourmets," they say. "We gourmets are simple people, happy people, long-lived people—perfectionists, if you will. But we are not pigs!"

To make sure that Club 55's dinners are as perfect as possible (they cost \$7.50 per plate) Billard stages a complete rehearsal of the meal a few nights in advance. A chef will look up from his stove to find le Commandant peering into the soup pot, sampling the roast, nibbling a bit of the dessert. Rather than be displeased by this sort of thing a good chef often welcomes it, probably on the theory, "Better a critical attitude toward my cooking than no attitude at all."

Now that the chef and le Commandant between them have planned a suitable dinner menu Billard moves on to inspect the wine cellar, for in a true *dîner de gastronome* each wine must

exactly agree with the flavor of the dish it accompanies.

Billard likely knows the name, origin and vintage year of every bottle on the shelf; he knows which bottle should be carried to the table reverently, which should be used for mouthwash.

Gourmets speak a language of their own when it comes to wine. "The Château Contet 1924 is a perfumed, elegant marquise, getting on in years, but still gracious and eloquent," they say. And, "The Pommard 1937 is a good but simple wine—a young peasant . . ."

Wine But No Women

To outsiders this sounds plain silly. To gourmets, however, it makes sense. "We mean that the Château Contet is a fine old wine and you can serve it nicely with a very special dish," they explain. "And the Pommard 1937? Why, we just mean that it's too ordinary to serve with anything fancy. Better save it for the cheese course."

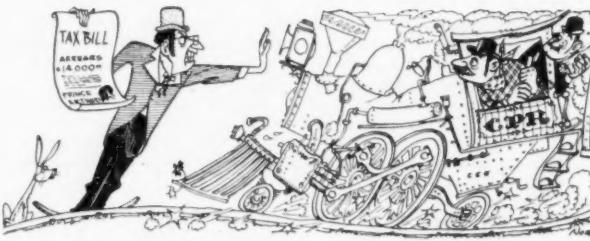
The menu chosen, the wines selected,

the *maitre d'hôtel* briefed on how to serve gourmets, and the waitresses informed that the club wishes its plain green salad served at the table in a large wooden bowl, accompanied by oil, vinegar, garlic, and mustard from Dijon, the great day arrives. The table is set with a white cloth, the silver gleams, the crystal shines, and there are no ash trays on the table, for Club 55 has three rules:

1. Promptness is the courtesy of gastronomy.
2. A cocktail before a meal is a heresy.
3. Smoking before the coffee is forbidden.

In front of each place is a menu written on thick parchment under the club's coat of arms (a copper cauldron containing a rabbit, a pig and a chicken, surmounted by a lobster and dangling a bunch of grapes). Beside each place is a small white card bearing the words, EXCELLENT, GOOD and PASSABLE. At the end of the dinner each

CANADIAN ECDOSE



They Took a Train for Taxes

BACK in 1884 the little village of Prince Arthur's Landing (pop. 1,275), at the head of Lake Superior, was growing swiftly. The lake-shippping business was flourishing; the Canadian Pacific Railway had made a terminal point there. The village was already making plans to become incorporated as a town.

Four miles south, residents of the little settlement of Fort William (pop. 490) watched with mild interest as progress passed them by and took a vicarious pleasure in the boom Prince Arthur's Landing was enjoying. Fort William was merely a Hudson's Bay trading post.

The tycoons of the CPR somehow forgot to pay the railway's tax bill in Prince Arthur's Landing. The village treasurer watched the arrears climb to about \$14,000. Then he decided to stop writing letters and act.

One morning, armed with a red flag and a writ, he went to a rock cut near the village limits. Flagging down the first train to reach the cut, he climbed into the locomotive cab and served

the writ on a startled engineer, seizing the train for taxes, in the name of her Britannic Majesty Queen Victoria.

Bewildered local railway officials yelped and the seizure soon reached a thunderstruck President William Van Horne. Sceptical at first, furious when the fact sank home, Van Horne made a personal visit to the lakehead to pay the bill.

The choleric president publicly castigated the "impudent little village which seized one of our freight trains and impugned the credit of our great railway system," and vowed that he would live to see grass grow in the streets of Prince Arthur's Landing. Then he moved the whole CPR terminal—bag and baggage, bricks, mortar and steel—to Fort William.

Prince Arthur's Landing became the town of Port Arthur in 1885 and was made a city in 1907. Grass isn't growing on Port Arthur streets, but population figures tell a story just the same. Current estimates show: Fort William, 33,220; Port Arthur, 27,679.

—Royd Beamish

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdots, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

member will put his checkmark opposite the word that he feels best describes the meal, together with any other comments, favorable or unfavorable, that he has to make.

As I was in Montreal for the express purpose of learning all about Club 55 I expected to be invited to its monthly dinner, scheduled for the swank Café Martin. But my attention was drawn to Article 10 of the club's rules and regulations: *Les dames ne sont pas admises comme membres.* Or, in equally prohibitive English, Ladies are not admitted as members.

This seems unfair—after Brillat-Savarin's glowing remarks: "Nothing is more pleasant than to see a pretty female gourmet at table. Her napkin is neatly adjusted, one of her hands rests on the table, the other carries to her mouth dainty little morsels, perhaps the wing of a partridge. Her eyes sparkle, her lips are glossy, her conversation is agreeable, all her movements are graceful . . . She is irresistible!"

At 8 p.m. I found myself standing out in the hall while an eight-course mouth-watering dinner was carried past me by pert waitresses in starched white aprons and a soft-footed *maître d'hôtel* glided by with bottles of assorted wines and liqueurs.

It was the kind of dinner of which Italian gourmets say, "*Questo è un vero boccone di cardinale!*" (a true feast for a cardinal!)

An Englishman once asked, "Why 'fit for a cardinal'? Why not 'fit for a king' as we say in England?"

The Italians shake their heads. "No, no," they say. "Kings are served too formally and too hastily. They can't really enjoy their food. But those cardinals!—ah!"

Later I asked Billard how to cook some of the delicious dishes I had smelled but not tasted. "You must not ask me how to cook. I do not cook. I taste. Like my master Curnonsky, I'm simply a born gourmet."

"Curnonsky?" I said. "Who's this Curnonsky?"

Ever asked a die-hard Tory who Churchill is?

Curnonsky is the Frenchman who at 27 could reel off the names and vintage years of 12 different champagnes, blindfolded. Today at 74 he is the bald, paunchy, talkative founder of the French Academy of Gastronomes and president of 27 different gourmet societies. Before the war Curnonsky weighed 277 pounds. Today he is a mere 181. Some years ago 5,000 chefs got together and elected Curnonsky "The Prince of Gastronomes"; ever since that day he has been known wherever gourmets gather as, simply, "The Prince." He will often spend five or six hours just eating.

What to Do With Semolina

Although Montreal's gourmets pledge first allegiance to Curnonsky they admit that Dr. Edouard de Pomiane, professor of the physiology of digestion at the Institute Pasteur and author of 25 volumes on gastronomy, is a close runner-up.

De Pomiane loves to cook. So exact are his movements that he can cook an entire dinner in tails and top hat, without an apron and without spilling a drop. Why he should want to is anybody's guess.

When I pursued Billard for some cooking tips, he sighed. "In matters of cooking, you must consult my wife. Madame Billard is the cook in our family."

And that's how I met slim chic Madame Billard, who turned out to be the founder of a gourmet club of her own, Les Epicuriennes, Canada's only club for female gourmets. Some of

its members are wives of Club 55 members; others are what French Canada calls *les maîtresses des maisons*—mistresses of fairly prosperous homes, usually equipped with one or two servants.

Like her husband's club Madame Billard's Les Epicuriennes started up in 1948 and is dedicated to inspiring good cooking in Quebec. Unlike Club 55 it has a special guest at each of its luncheons. When Madame Francisque Gay, wife of the former French Ambassador, was guest of honor, she was served *L'homard grillé et flamé*, a dish that bears out Madame Billard's oft-repeated remark that "It doesn't have to be complicated to be good."

Lobster, Grilled and Flaming:

Take a 1-lb. lobster for each 2 persons. Cut it in two lengthwise and pour melted butter on top. Put under the broiler and cook until tender. Remove. Quickly pour on more melted butter and a jigger of brandy. Pepper and salt it, and light it with a match. Bring to the table while it's still flaming.

For the average Canadian housewife whose budget doesn't include lobsters for dinner Madame Billard has another simple, more inexpensive recipe, for semolina pudding.

Semolina Pudding:

"Take a pint of milk and boil it with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup white sugar. Sprinkle into this 2 heaping tablespoons semolina (wheat hearts). Simmer $\frac{1}{2}$ hour until thick, stirring constantly. Remove from fire and cool. Add 3 well-beaten eggs.

Caramelize a mold by mixing together 1 cup white sugar and a few drops of water and cooking until it browns. Don't stir. Shake it over bottom and edges of a pan and pour in pudding. Cook $\frac{1}{2}$ hour more. Unmold. Serve very cold with caramel or custard sauce.

The would-be gourmet doesn't have to pass any special tests to join Club 55. All he has to do is be an agreeable sort of chap, sponsored by two members, and of a profession that is not already over-represented in the club.

Beware of Severe Shocks

In France, the land of 400 cheeses, 38,000 different dishes (including 420 different ways of cooking filet of sole), it is much harder to join a gourmet club, says Billard.

One flustered gourmet was turned down because he suggested both soup and *hors d'oeuvres* at dinner (in France, *hors d'oeuvres* are served before lunch; soup before dinner—never are both served at the same meal). Another failure was the applicant who blundered that he would serve a red wine with the fish course.

Someone once suggested to Brillat-Savarin that instead of going to all the trouble of preparing a meal, one might simply describe the dinner, and then have the cook rush in screaming that everything had burned black. The philosopher turned thumbs down on this suggestion. He explained that while the news of an entire dinner burning black might leave a nongourmet cold, to a real lover of good food it might well prove fatal!

The heights to which a real gourmet can rise can be plainly realized from the compliment passed by the famous Parisian gastronome, Grimod de la Reynière, who upon sampling a particularly delightful dish, closed his eyes in ecstasy and swore softly:

"With such a sauce I would eat my own father!" ★

What mothers should know about First Aid for BABIES

Always exploring :: : always curious! Despite the most watchful mother's eye, there's no telling what that tiny tyke will get into. Sometimes the result calls for a doctor . . . at other times just for simple first aid that mother can render herself. Below are a few of baby's commoner mishaps, and suggestions from a prominent medical authority.



SPLINTERS—Clean baby's skin with alcohol. If necessary, use a sterilized needle to free the outer point of the splinter. Then pull the splinter out with fine-gripping, sterilized tweezers, and apply an antiseptic. If splinter is large or deeply imbedded, take baby to the doctor.

BURNS AND SCALDS—For slight burns, apply a paste of baking soda and water, or put ointment on sterile gauze or freshly laundered cloth and bandage lightly in place. If baby is badly burned, first call the doctor. Then, either spread burn with petroleum jelly and cover with clean cloth, or immerse a sheet in a baking soda and warm water solution and wrap baby in it. Keep child warmly covered with blankets.



CUTS—After allowing to bleed slightly under running water, paint minor cuts with alcohol or 2% Tincture of Iodine, and then apply a sterile dressing. Bleeding from deep cuts can usually be stopped by applying a compress and bandaging tightly. If artery or vein is cut, apply a tourniquet above the cut, hold a compress tightly over the bleeding point, and hurry child to doctor.

NO MATTER WHAT FIRST AID BABY REQUIRES, the healthier he is, the more he'll take things in his stride. So guard your baby's health with wholesome, nutritious Heinz Baby Foods. When he starts on solids, choose his menu from 27 delicious varieties of easy-to-swallow, easy-to-digest Heinz Strained Baby Foods. And when doctor says he's ready to learn to chew, change to coarser-textured Heinz Junior Foods which offer 17 nourishing and taste-tempting varieties.

TWO NEW CEREALS TOO! Look for these two new additions to the Heinz Baby Food Family—Heinz Pre-Cooked Cereal (made from wheat, corn and oats) and Heinz Pre-Cooked Oatmeal Mixture.



Look for the complete line of Heinz Strained Baby Foods (Red Label), Heinz Junior Foods (Red Label), and the two new Heinz Pre-Cooked Cereals at the sign of the Heinz Baby when you are shopping.



HEINZ
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HEADQUARTERS
for all
BABY FOODS

New Weapons in the War Against Cancer

Continued from page 24

left to right. Then the serum-acid mixtures are heated simultaneously, causing a clumping together of protein molecules. This clotting doesn't take place in all 10 tubes. It will occur only in, say, the first four or five tubes when the person being tested has cancer. On the other hand, the effect may be evident in the first eight tubes for healthy blood.

The explanation is that iodoacetic acid always inhibits clotting. But normal and cancerous blood have different amounts of protein, and less of the acid is needed to prevent clotting in the blood of cancer sufferers. Although acute infections and tuberculosis also give positive reactions Huggins points out that these ailments are easy to distinguish from cancer.

This test has been tried on 300 to 400 persons to date with good results. But doctors are reserving final judgment pending more extensive trials. There's one sure-fire sign that such trials are under way. One of the nation's leading chemical suppliers, a New York firm, sold more than 11 pounds of iodoacetic acid in a two-week period. That's enough for 100,000 cancer tests. It would have taken half a century to sell that amount before Huggins developed his test, for iodoacetic acid used to be merely a laboratory curiosity.

While one anticancer army tackles diagnosis another faces what is perhaps the most difficult job of all—learning about the basic causes of the disease. This phase of the battle isn't restricted to a study of human beings in hospitals, and it isn't being done by M.D.'s alone. In fact, many of the people doing basic research on cancer are biologists. They are studying frog and sea-urchin eggs, single-celled animals and a host of intricate proteins to understand the processes of growth and cell multiplication. The riddle of cancer requires fundamental knowledge about the nature of life itself.

Malignant tumors have been described as creeping masses of uncontrollable cells. Normal cells that have been performing as useful citizens, according to the body's division-of-labor principles, suddenly develop into "juvenile delinquents." They become virulent enemies of the rest of the body.

Sometimes cancers may "try" to imitate normal cells. For example, malignant cells of the juice-secreting channels in the liver, kidneys and other organs no longer form normal pipelines. But they seem to go through the motions.

Mouse Milk, \$5,000 a Pint

What causes cancer tumors? One of the most confusing things is that many factors may bring about the familiar symptoms. More than 300 chemicals are known to produce growing tumors if injected or rubbed into the body. Statistics suggest that diet probably has something to do with the disease (stomach cancer is twice as frequent among the Dutch as among the British). X-rays, long-term overexposure to sunlight, and inhaling lung-irritating dusts may also play a part in producing cancer.

But none of these factors cause cancer. They are only "triggers." They start a process going. The big problem is what keeps tumors growing. The answer to that question might well lead to radically improved treatment and eventual cures. Chemicals, diet, radiations—these are not the continu-

ing causes of cancer. You can remove the trigger mechanism, but the affected cells go on multiplying. As a result many experts are convinced that the crucial cancer agent is to be found in the malignant cell itself.

Here's where the famous "milk factor" comes in. Ten years ago Dr. John J. Bittner, now of the University of Minnesota Medical School, discovered that the milk of female mice from high-cancer parents contains a cancer-producing substance. The breed of mice he studied was a pure stock; for generations 95% of all the members of this unfortunate family had died of breast cancer. But when new-born mice were taken away from their high-cancer mothers and were breast-fed by foster mothers of a low-cancer breed, the disease rate was reduced to as little as 8% or less. (In the reverse of this experiment, offspring of low-cancer parents were fed by adopted high-cancer mothers and the great majority developed breast cancers.)

They Called in a Cyclotron

For the last 10 years the American Cancer Society and the United States Public Health Service have backed research to isolate and identify the milk factor. They've established one of the world's most unusual laboratories at Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York—a "mouse dairy." The project has involved more than 10,000 high-cancer mice, and about 48 pints of milk have been obtained at a price of \$5,000 a pint.

Now, scientists are beginning to get a pretty good idea of what the milk factor really is. Magnified 25,000 times under the electron microscope its particles appear as clumps of white spheres that look a bit like insect larvae. Further evidence indicates that the factor consists of relatively large and complex molecules which, under proper conditions, can manufacture exact replicas of themselves.

This amazing feat is strong, though indirect, evidence that they are actually protein molecules. As far as we know proteins are the only substances sufficiently intricate to perform self-duplication (viruses and genes also have this property and are known to be proteins). Self-duplicating molecules have been found which produce cancers in chickens and mice and similar molecules may account for the growth of human tumors. The hope of milk-factor research is to find an anti-cancer "serum"—but it's still just a hope.

A third vital phase of the stop-cancer war, together with early diagnosis and fundamental research, is improved treatment. Today's radiation and surgery cover a tremendous variety of techniques. Every month brings hundreds of minor gains—better ways of detecting precancerous wounds, ingenious surgical measures to get at suspected cells, complex statistical studies to find what people tend to become victims of various types of cancer.

Notable advances in radiation treatment include tests on mice which use beams from the world's largest operating atom-smasher, the University of California's 190 million-volt cyclotron. The high-power rays, which can penetrate more than five inches of tissue, have saved nearly half of a group of high-cancer animals. They will receive further trials on human patients.

Also, scientists are seeking radioactive elements that can be injected and will concentrate in definite parts of the body, thus providing an internal source of tumor-killing rays. "Hot" iodine tends to collect in the thyroid



Many of the vitamins and mineral elements your dog needs to keep him in good health are contained in Bob Martin's Condition Tablets. The tablets are tasteless, easy-to-give, and easy to assimilate. Give your

dog one Bob Martin Condition Tablet each day. See him become livelier. He'll eat more heartily... gain a finer coat. He'll be a better dog in every way. Start this regular conditioning right way.

for doggy good health-

BOB MARTIN'S
CONDITION TABLETS

Now obtainable in a new blue-and-yellow box containing 21 tablets, only 50¢. From your druggist, department store or pet shop.

How can I save money?



That's what I asked the Government Annuity representative.

I was trying to balance the family books at the time and told him that, like most home-makers I had so many places to spend my paychecks, my account was zero at the end of each month.

But

He showed me a simple saving plan to provide an income in the future, that was as practical as a trip to the barber, and a plan which suited my budget.

Before you say—"It's a good idea, but I just can't afford it," talk it over with a **CANADIAN GOVERNMENT ANNUITY** representative, or write for information.

I'm glad I did!

Annuities Branch DEPARTMENT OF LABOUR
HUMPHREY MITCHELL Minister A. MacNAMARA Deputy Minister

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gland, manganese in the liver, and the rare metal gallium in the bones.

These and other substances, obtained as by-products of nuclear-fission furnaces at Oak Ridge and other atomic-explosives plants, have brought improvements in some cases. But one catch has been that it's difficult to maintain concentrations high enough to kill large numbers of cancer cells.

To overcome this drawback University of Pennsylvania doctors have turned to a fashionable textile dye known as Nile blue 2B which stains cancerous tissue but not healthy tissue. This material won't kill cancer cells, of course. The trick is to attach cancer-killing radioactive elements to the blue dye molecules in a firm chemical bond. This possible new treatment has only been tried on mice. But now it's beginning to be used on a selected group of hospital patients.

The same thing goes for a recently reported method developed by Dr. George W. Kidder and a research team at Amherst College in Massachusetts. They discovered that mouse-cancer cells can't grow without an external supply of a foodstuff called guanine. So Kidder decided to fool the cancer cells with a fake guanine—a substance which would resemble guanine so closely that cancer cells couldn't tell it from the real thing. Such a substance would be a sort of biochemical booby trap, because the malignant growth would be duped into "eating" it and starve to death as a result.

Kidder's chemist friends finally developed a phony guanine known as guanazole and the Amherst scientists

tried it on 300 cancer-stricken mice. The results were highly encouraging. The substance did not kill cancer cells. But it did stop them from multiplying and thus prevented the tumors from growing.

Mouse cancer is different from human cancer and the odds are that guanazole—or any other substance that's likely to be found during the coming months—won't benefit human beings. But Kidder's work indicates the possibility of treating cancer chemically by some as yet undiscovered "penicillin" or "sulfanilamide."

The scientific drive against cancer is hitting high gear. Every year \$55 million is spent in research against the disease. In Canada alone, where the death toll is 16,000 persons a year (compared with 200,000 in the U.S.), there's \$4,650,000 spent annually in research, detection and cancer control. The scope of international cancer studies is indicated by the fact that new technical articles on all aspects of the malady—from fundamental biological work to surgeons' case records—are appearing at the rate of about 500 a month.

There is still no 100% cure for cancer. The most effective treatments—and they are very effective if applied early enough—are still the familiar methods of radiation and surgery. But the future is brighter than ever. New facts are streaming in and new ideas are in the air. Although they aren't talking about it in public, biologists and doctors expect that a break in the fight against cancer may come within the next few years. ★

Oh, How I Hate the Country

Continued from page 15

his deposit because his wife thought his morals were being undermined, and anyway she wanted money to buy a load of natural fertilizer for her asparagus bed. She was a practical woman who didn't go along with fertilizing the mind.

You could eat asparagus, she pointed out, but what could you do with a Turkish harem? Beake could have answered that but thought it wise not to.

It all seemed funny at the time before the country soured us. It doesn't seem funny any more. Nothing seems funny any more. It takes more than a glass of parsnip or an explosion at the sink to arouse me these days.

Besides, my neighbors didn't like to be made fools of in print. Country people are odd that way. City people are willingly made fools of by every radio program, movie and parliamentary debate, but country people don't like it. They began to slink up side roads and hide in the barn at my approach. I became a rustic pariah.

I haven't the heart to write about my neighbors any more. I am a reformed character and tell the truth and no editor will buy it.

All editors love the country as long as they can observe it in colored photographs and they publish expert hints on horticulture written by a half-witted old maid inhabiting a garret on Third Avenue, New York.

Any editor will fall for you if you come into his office with shabby clothes, the aroma of horses and a proper look of shyness. The sight of you makes him apologetic for his own wealth, makes him feel like a parasite.

Murmuring about his wasted life he will take you out to lunch and exhibit

you to his friends as an unspoiled child of nature and all their eyes will light up with The Old Dream. The lights go out, though, when they see your cracked hands and haggard cheeks and remember when you were a prosperous, well-fed citizen.

While I was new to the country and still retained a few decent instincts it was a pleasure to give my produce to visitors from the city. This charity with my crops got to be a bore. Presently my friends stopped coming for my handouts. They now expect me to pick the vegetables and fruit, grade them according to government regulations, package them in new boxes and deliver them at the door, for nothing, of course. They resent it bitterly if the delivery is a little late and sometimes they compare my stuff unfavorably with the expensive goods of the chain store.

I kept a strict accounting one year and found that, reckoning my wages at \$5 a day—and even I ought to be worth that much, though I grow weaker every season—each squash I gave away cost me \$150.75. No squash is really worth that. No city friend is worth that. Nowadays I don't raise many squashes and I have no friends. That way I save a lot of money and adrenalin.

A Slave to a Cucumber

So don't talk to me about vegetables. It only irritates my cardiac condition. And most especially don't come driving gaily by here in your new car, with the trunk cleared out to take home your loot, and tell me how wonderful I am to be able to grow such luscious produce when you try so hard and never get a crop.

Don't tell me for I know you were lying on the beach all summer while I was slaving with a hoe under the merciless country sun. I know you were lolling beside your steam radiator in the bitter days of March when I was turning the soil with my shovel and

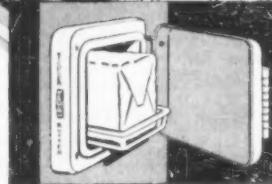
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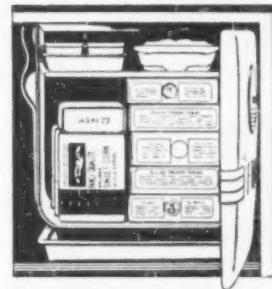
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Cheers! It keeps one pound of butter not too hard, not too soft but just right for easy economical spreading. Temperature is adjustable.



Hotpoint's Frozen Food Compartment
Stores 80 individual servings of frozen foods plus 32 ice cubes.

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"Although only 18, I had the thrill of seeing my first story in print after only three months of N.I.A. training. It appeared in the Telegraph-Journal, the Montreal Standard and was used as the basis of a story in C.B.C. Since then there have been other articles. The cheques received encouraged me and swelled my appreciation for N.I.A." —Eileen Flanders, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, Canada.

Why Can't You Write?

It's much simpler than you think!

So many people with the "germ" of writing in them simply can't get started. They suffer from inertia. Or they set up imaginary barriers to taking the first step.

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Few realize that the great bulk of commercial writing is done by so-called "unknowns."

Not only do these thousands of men and women produce most of the fiction published, but countless articles on business, homemaking, hobbies, decorating, local club and church activities, human interest stories, as well.

Such material is in constant demand. Every week thousands of cheques for \$25, \$50 and \$100 go out to writers whose latent ability was perhaps no greater than yours.

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praying for the time when somebody will dig me under.

Don't talk to me about vegetables when I am strangling in blackberry vines, a slave carrying water to a cucumber, a valet to a marrow, a prisoner locked behind the bars of a corn patch. I know vegetables because I have become one. Please just stay away from here, let me decay in peace and buy your goods at the chain store. I wish I could.

What drove me from the city was its nervous strain, the hour-by-hour schedule starting at 9:30 a.m., coffee at 11, lunch from 12 to 2, tea at 4 and dinner at 6—never a moment of relaxation. The human animal, I said, was never built for such a load. In the country, I said, a man can take his time.

The first thing I bought in the country was an alarm clock to rouse me at 5:30 and from that hour to darkness every moment was scheduled like a radio program, with 15 minutes for meals, with hardly a word to my family because I didn't trust myself to speak, and a curt nod to any passer-by lest he lean over the fence and interrupt the schedule by passing the time of day.

I have found no peace but I have found isolation all right. I have become a better isolationist than Senator Borah. I can read nothing except seed catalogues and cures for hog cholera and advertisements for the latest garden poisons, over which I pore with the gibbering delight of a ghoul. I read nothing and I know nothing, and just outside a sizeable city I might as well be in the middle of the Gobi Desert swinging a prayer wheel. Would that I were.

When my wife shouted from the back steps that the Japs had bombed Pearl Harbor I was pruning an apple tree but I didn't stop pruning, not for a second, because I had a whole overgrown orchard ahead of me and, Japs or no Japs, it will keep growing. I shall still be pruning on the same tree, no doubt, when the explosion of atom bombs at last brings me happy release.

Manure in the Abstract

The advertisements for real estate and annuities always show the country cottage heaped up with fruit, blossom, vegetables and honey, but the only product I ever traded profitably was manure. In exchange for my hay Pudbury gives me a big load of manure and if you know how to use manure you can make money on it.

I guess I wrote 10 pieces a year about manure and, in the abstract, so long as I handled it in the concrete, the city readers loved it. There's something wonderfully wistful and nostalgic about manure that moves the urban heart and sets tycoons sniveling about their grandfather's farm in Bruce County. You can always set a whole city dreaming with a column of good barnyard stuff. There's big money in manure if you dress it up right.

Still, you can't go on writing about manure forever. The thing has its limitations like everything else. I think I've exhausted my only sure source of income.

In the same fashion I used to write an annual ode to the falling leaves every autumn. Many hardened captains of industry, reading it in their club, would break down over their highballs and cry for their lost childhood, and sometimes I felt a little tearful myself. Not for long. When you have to rake, lift, carry and dump 70 cartloads of oak leaves you can't afford to break down, which is a luxury reserved for the rich.

I used to describe in print the leaves

rustling under your feet with the sound of waves on a sandy beach; I used to paint such vivid pictures of my compost pile slowly decomposing into the rich black stuff of fertility, the ultimate substance of growth, the true elixir of life that you would think it edible. Just dirt, that's all, just dirt. You might as well know that now.

It's All Just Utter Rot!

And it was a sure-fire tear jerker when I told how, digging down into the compost after five years of the maturing process, digging down through the vintage years as through a wine cellar, I would exhume, layer on layer, each year telling its separate story, the lost and broken toys of my children's vanished childhood. The only things I ever found, in point of fact, were a pair of false teeth and an old rubber girdle.

At the moment compost is extremely fashionable in America. Every gardening and woman's magazine is piled high with compost. Technical writers who never lifted a spoonful of earth in their lives explain mysteriously and in loathsome detail how to make a compost heap. No God-fearing family must be without one.

There is no mystery in it really. You just pile up the stuff and the bacteria do the rest. The writers, though of the same species, really contribute nothing. This decomposition of vegetable matter into new soil has been going on a long while and will continue after the decomposition of the writers. Pay no attention to their mysteries. It's rot, that's all, plain rot. The essential material for gardeners and writing men.

You have read somewhere, perhaps, my essay on the fine old British pleasure of growing walnuts. It was a touching thing.

I omitted to mention, however, that in picking walnuts a man's fingers are stained a deep African brown for

six weeks every fall, during which time he must wear gloves in church and keep his hands under the table if anyone comes to dinner. I failed also to point out that no one would eat my walnuts merely because the shells are covered with a bluish mold, slimy like a wet fish to the touch and, inside, a peculiarly revolting species of worm has taken up residence.

Even my defenseless children could not escape the fury of my battle with the land. To support my farm—12 acres being more expensive than the 12 wives of Mr. Beake's harem and much less productive—I had to write all night as I toiled outside all day, and the children, so long as they were too young to read, offered abundant copy of a whimsy-whamsy sort.

It was a kind of legal method of eating your young. No family can survive the carefree country life.

When my son and daughter could read what I had written about them they began to regard themselves as freaks, to quail before visitors and to consider their father a cockatrice. As soon as they were old enough they fled from the country. There are two young Canadians who will never fall for The Dream.

"I Have Become a Killer"

I have said enough to show that I came to the country a man of normal impulses, not too bright or I wouldn't have come, but with kindly feelings toward everybody. After the fierce competition of the city I expected to settle down in tune with dear old Mother Nature.

After this quarter century of pain, deceit and poverty I know nature for what she is—a ruthless destroyer, concentrating all her craft against the only species which she cannot abide, which is man. To survive I had to become a destroyer too.



RAILROAD CROSSING

(Winter Night)

The train's thin shriek cut half across the sky,

From engine to the final, twisting blow —

It made two parts of silence, low and high,

Split open by that narrow, chilling growl;

The breaking noise was like a wound in glass,

Brilliant as crystals shed upon the ground,

The night was stiff with cold . . . the frosted grass

Itself seemed splintered from that brittle sound;

Then quietness closed in . . . a thickness filled

That glittering crack the engine's scream had drilled.

—Martha Banning Thomas

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Beside the incalculable billions of innocent lives I have destroyed with my hoe, my axe, my poisons and even my fingers (for you must learn to squash an earwig as thoughtlessly as a city man picks an olive from a Martini)—beside the heaped-up hordes of my victims the crimes of Genghis Khan, Hitler and Stalin combined are hardly good enough for amateur night.

I used to be a nice guy. I have become a killer. I sharpen my lethal blades. I gloat over my secret store of arsenic—a killer and a poisoner.

Next time you see in the advertisements for real estate and annuities the faces of a jolly old couple who have retired to the country on their savings look beyond these pleasant exteriors. ★

Behind the smiling masks are the leering visages of death and poison and behind them is me.

Yet, despite all these warnings you will probably go on dreaming of a vine-covered bungalow where you can smell the flowers in summer and in winter hear the clean country winds beside your fire of crackling wood, cut by your own hands. I still have my dreams, too.

I am dreaming of a two-room flat, somewhere in a nice high concrete tower, where I can smell the perfume of automobile engines and listen to the sweet whir of traffic outside, the soft whisper of steam in the radiator and the click of an electric thermostat. ★

it, and if you like it, I'd say buy it." He felt very warm. He wanted to get away.

"How much did you say it was, again?" Janey asked.

"Just thirty - seven ninety - five, marked down from fifty-seven fifty."

Ed escaped to the front of the store. A few minutes later the salesgirl came out with the negligee over her arm. She went over to Ed with her sales pad.

"Cash?" she asked.

"Yes," Ed said. "Cash, I guess."

She made out the slip and handed it to him. He got out his wallet and gave her four tens. That left him just twenty dollars. She brought him the change and the package, but he still had to wait another five minutes before Janey appeared.

Out on the street Janey asked, "Did you pay for it? It was simply horrible when I found I only had ten dollars with me. Just imagine!"

"That's all right," Ed said.

"Well," Janey said, "it's not as though you were a stranger. And I'll pay you back, if you want me to."

"That's all right," Ed said again.

"Anyway," Janey said with a laugh, "we are celebrating, aren't we? And I am just about tired out, so why don't we go to a movie and get rested before dinner. Because if you have never been there, we are going to The Town House for dinner. It is worth every cent it costs."

They went in, and a salesgirl brought one in Janey's size. Janey held it up to herself, and the salesgirl said it was just her type; it wasn't every girl, she said, who could wear this number. Janey said she couldn't tell, just holding it up this way. The salesgirl said why didn't she try it on, and then her husband could see how it looked, and Janey winked at Ed and said, "I think I will."

Janey went into a dressing room, and pretty soon the salesgirl came and told Ed his wife was ready and led him to a little alcove behind a rack of dresses.

Ed gulped and tried to look at Janey's face. The negligee was so thin he could see her legs when she moved.

"Do you like it, darling?" Janey asked, drawing the words and turning slowly around.

All Ed could manage was, "Um-hm!" Janey came over to him, looking down at the gold sequins. He hadn't realized till then how low the neckline was.

"Are the gold sequins too much, darling?" Janey asked. "Don't they look a little—well, gaudy?"

Ed tried to keep his eyes on the sequins.

"Hmmm-ummm," he said.

"Maybe it isn't practical," Janey said, moving away again and turning around once more. "Maybe I ought to get a housecoat."

"It's just your type, dearie," the salesgirl said.

Janey fingered the material. "I don't know . . . Do you really like me in it, Ed?"

"I certainly do," Ed said. "Like she says, it's just your type, and I like

Deliciously different!



And Apple Cake is fun to make with amazing new fast DRY yeast!

You never need worry again about quick-spoiling cakes of perishable yeast! For the wonderful new Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast stays fresh and full-strength for weeks without refrigeration!

If you bake at home, you'll be thrilled with the results of this new fast DRY yeast! Make delicious hot rolls, buns, fruit rings, dessert breads—and the scrumptious Apple Cake featured below. (No new recipes needed. One envelope of dry yeast in any recipe.) Keep on hand a month's supply of Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast.

Appetizing APPLE CAKE NEW TIME-SAVING RECIPE—MAKES 2 CAKES

Measure into bowl $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lukewarm water,
1 teaspoon granulated sugar
and stir until sugar is dissolved.

Sprinkle with contents of 1 envelope Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast
Let stand 10 minutes. THEN stir well.
In the meantime, scald $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
Remove from heat and stir in

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup granulated sugar,
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt,
3 tablespoons shortening

Cool to lukewarm. Stir in 1 cup once-sifted bread flour and beat until smooth
Add yeast mixture and 1 egg, well beaten

Beat well, then work in $\frac{1}{2}$ cups once-sifted bread flour
Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening.

Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught.

Let rise until doubled in bulk.

Punch down dough and divide into 2 equal portions; form into smooth balls.
Roll each piece into an oblong and fit into greased

pans about 7" x 11".

Grease tops, cover and let rise until doubled in bulk.

Peel, core and cut into thin wedges 8 apples
Sprinkle risen dough with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup granulated sugar

and lightly press apple wedges into cake tops, sharp edges down and close together.

Mix 1 cup granulated sugar,

1½ teaspoons ground cinnamon,

and sprinkle over apples.

Cover and let rise about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour.

Bake in moderate oven, 350°F., about 1 hour.

Serve hot, with butter.



Loveliness Assured with Silvo Care

Give your treasured silver the care it deserves . . . gentle, safe, Silvo care . . . to keep it gleaming and beautiful. Silvo Liquid Polish smooths away tarnish and stain so easily, so quickly. Because it is made especially for the care of silver, Silvo is recommended by Oneida Community Limited, the makers of this brilliant new pattern, "Evening Star".



SILVO—made
especially for silver.



It takes the fastest roller skater 9.7 seconds to race 100 yards . . . but in only

TWO SECONDS

Aspirin is ready to go to work!

Glass of water test shows why Aspirin brings fast pain relief!

Amazing is the word for the roller skater's speed . . . and for ASPIRIN's 2-second disintegrating action.

This swift action is the reason why ASPIRIN brings such fast relief from neuritic or neuralgic pain. And it's an action you can see. All you need do is drop an ASPIRIN tablet in a glass of water. Within two seconds it will begin to disintegrate. And because it does the same when you take it . . . because it's ready to go to work almost at once . . . relief comes quickly.

Besides this 2-second speed, ASPIRIN also offers you outstanding effectiveness and gentleness. It's a single active ingredient that's so gentle to the system it has been used, year in and year out, by millions of normal people — without ill effect. So for something you can take with confidence, be sure you ask for ASPIRIN when you buy.

TO RELIEVE NEURITIC PAIN, TAKE GENUINE

ASPIRIN

Trade Mark Reg. in Canada

Lowest Prices Ever!
Pocket box of 12 . . . 18c
Economy bottle of 24 . . . 29c
Family size of 100 . . . 79c



He put his hand on Ed's shoulder. "That'll come out of your next week's wages. Go ahead and enjoy yourself. We'll stop past for you, somebody will, Saturday afternoon, to get an early start Sunday."

Ed walked back to the bus line.

Ten dollars would just about pay for dinner for Janey and her mother tonight. Then he would be down to five again. He went over and over the problem from every angle, and there was only one way out, as far as he could see. After all, if he didn't want to go back East with the Mosse, he didn't have to go.

WHEN he got to town he took the bus to Hollywood and got off at the dramatic school. He didn't go in. He went around the corner. There was only one barber in the shop. It was not the barber who had shaved him. Ed went in. The barber looked familiar, but Ed couldn't place him. He swung the empty chair around and said, "Next."

Ed shook his head. "I'm looking for the boss?" he said.

"That is who you are talking to," the man said, and Ed thought his voice was familiar, too.

"How's business?" Ed asked.

The man frowned at him. "Not bad. What's your line? Tonics?"

"No," Ed said. "I am a barber. Thought I might pick up a little work with you. The man you had in here yesterday talked like he was leaving."

The man glared at him with icy eyes, and then Ed recognized him. It was the white coat that had confused him, the white coat and trousers instead of bathing trunks and sunglasses.

"Thought you were a barber the first time I saw you," Mr. du Moulin said, and his voice was as cold as his eyes. "Knew it from the calluses on your fingers and the way you held your wrists." Ed didn't like the way he laughed. "You telling Janey Kirk," Mr. du Moulin went on, "that you were a big dramatic coach from Broadway!"

"Me telling her what?"

"Fourflusher!"

"Now wait a minute," Ed said, "who's trying to fool who? Janey —"

"You tab her for film-struck little telephone operator who'll fall for your line —"

"Telephone operator! Tel —"

"Trying to cut in on me, huh?" Mr. du Moulin came around the chair toward Ed. There was no mistaking his intent.

Ed swung first. He hit du Moulin high on the cheek, but before he could duck du Moulin had his fist in Ed's mouth. With his next one Ed caught the bushy-haired barber flush on the nose, and he crossed with a left to the ribs. Du Moulin reeled back, caromed off the barber chair and fell against the glass shelf with all the tonic bottles. The crash was still echoing as Ed went out the door.

ED HAD his lip pretty well patched up before they went out to dinner that night. Janey didn't even notice it. After dinner they took Mrs. Kirk back to the rooming house. Then he and Janey went for a walk.

Ed didn't feel like talking. His mouth hurt. Janey told him all about "Seventh Sin," what a big production it was going to be, and how Mr. du Moulin said maybe he would help direct it, if he could find time.

They went to the park where they had sat that first evening, and then Ed told her that he had received a telegram from San Francisco. He had to leave the next day.

"Tomorrow!" Janey exclaimed.

"Yes," Ed said. "Tomorrow. You

see, they are putting on a production up there, and they have got into trouble. So they wired me."

"Production!"

"Yes," Ed said. "Just a small one. But they heard I was out here. I might as well tell you, I am a—well, a kind of a play doctor and a coach and a director. Trouble shooter, as we say on Broadway."

"Edward Niles!" Janey laughed. "I knew it! I knew it the first time you kissed me. You knew how to awaken me!"

Ed smiled. "I came out here for a rest. Had to get away from it all, for a little while."

"I told Mr. du Moulin," Janey said, "I said to him, 'Mr. Niles, that you met with me down at the beach, is a big dramatic coach from Broadway, and he has been giving me lessons.'"

"This du Moulin," Ed said, "he is not really a dramatic coach. I guess you didn't know. Oh, he probably knows a little about it, but he is really a barber."

"A barber?"

"You know how to tell? Look at the calluses on his fingers, and the way he holds his wrists. I knew it the first time I saw him."

"Oh, Ed, you know so much! And you have done so many things! I'll just bet you even have a Broadway show that you are going to direct."

"Well," Ed said, "as a matter of fact, I have. They are waiting for me to get back and take over. But I had to have a vacation."

"And I'll just bet there is a part in it for me, isn't there? I shouldn't be at all surprised if you came out here just to look for somebody to play that part. Somebody just like me."

"Well," Ed said, "we'll see. Maybe I might have a part for you."

"And you will send for me," Janey said, "just as soon as you get back. Because you know what a really good actress I really am, with training and experience and all. All I needed was awakening, wasn't it, Ed?"

"That's just about all," Ed said.

"Oh," Janey said, "I think you are just about the most wonderful man in this world!"

She kissed him with a kiss that would have awakened the oldest mummy in Egypt. It sent knives of pain through Ed, redhot daggers. Janey had pressed her teeth against his lip right where Mr. du Moulin had put his fist.

Ed could still taste the blood when he got back to his room. The lip was swollen as big as his thumb. It was still swollen the next afternoon when he walked from the bus to Mr. Moss' sister's ranch.

THE telephone rang. Charley, the other barber, answered it. "Ed," he called. "For you."

Ed went to the phone, and Charley came back and whispered to Ed's customer: "He won't be long. It's his wife."

"Ed is married?"

"Yeah. Married and got five kids. His wife is telephone happy. Used to be a telephone operator out in Hollywood. Calls him every afternoon and tells him what to bring home for supper."

Ed was saying, "Yeah . . . Yeah . . . Okay . . . Yes, yes . . . Okay."

He hung up, returned to his customer. He worked in silence for a minute, then he said, "Yeah, like I was saying, I might have married a Hollywood actress. Told her I'd find her a part. I did. Not right away after I came back, but after I saved the money for her to come East. Only it wasn't on any stage . . . Funny how things turn out, now isn't it . . . How about some tonic?" ★

'Better than ever' luggage locker with trigger release lock. Tail lamp and parking light lenses are plastic—more brilliant, less subject to breakage.



'Better than ever' interior luxury and roominess. New 'Quiet-Tone' sound-proofing makes Mercury interior as silent as a broadcast studio.



The 1950 Mercury is here. Better in styling, comfort and performance. Better in safety, sound control and ventilation. Better too, in economy and value. Already this 'better than ever' Mercury is being hailed as the outstanding car of the 1950 models.

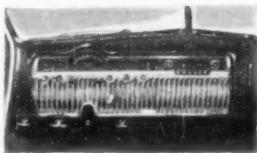


'Better than ever' hardware and trim. Graceful new door handles of the push-button type.

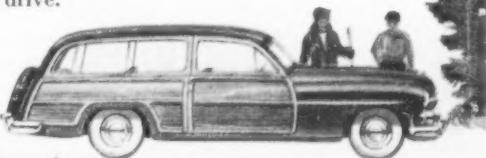


It's the 1950 Mercury!

'Better than ever' Safe-T-Vue instrument panel—beautiful to look at and easy to read.



With its new features of styling, with its spacious interiors 'Quiet-Tone' sound-proofed to whisper-silence, with its 'Econ-O-Miser' Carburetor, its 'Merco-Therm' Ventilating and Heating System, 'Touch-O-Matic' Overdrive (optional at extra cost) and scores of other new features, the 1950 Mercury is the car for you. See it—and arrange for a demonstration drive.



Mercury Six Passenger Convertibles and Station Wagons available in the spring of 1950.



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Canada Unlimited

growth of an idea...



1943



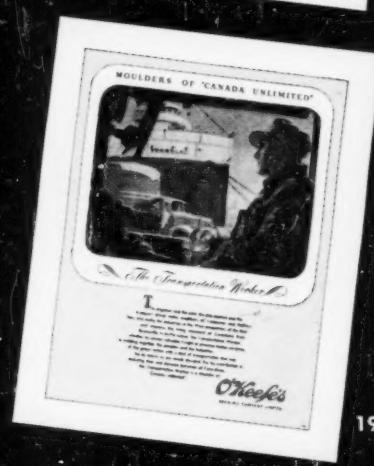
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1945



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1947



1948

WILL GRANT AWARDS TO CANADIAN ARTISTS OF PROMISE

Since 1943 Canada Unlimited has been the theme of O'Keefe's advertising. Each year, one phase of the development of our nation has been traced in a series of paintings. Some of these paintings have won international awards as examples of fine art in advertising. They have brought credit and recognition to the many Canadian artists who were commissioned to paint them.

Last year a further step was taken to awaken in the minds of Canadians the greatness of this country of ours. The O'Keefe Foundation published a book which dramatically told the exciting history of our country. Thousands of copies of "Canada Unlimited" have gone to Canadians and to other people in all parts of the world.

In 1950 O'Keefe's will provide an opportunity for the further development of the cultural life of our nation.

It has been widely recognized that there are many hundreds of Canadian artists whose ability deserves public support and encouragement. In order to assist these young Canadians, O'Keefe's have established eighteen awards ranging in value from \$200. to \$1000. which will enable student artists of promise to further their training.

These awards will be granted to students between the ages of 18 and 30 who show they will benefit most from further study. Complete details together with application forms may be obtained by writing to The Director, O'Keefe's Art Awards, 47 Fraser Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, to whom completed application forms must be sent not later than April 15th, 1950.

O'Keefe's
BREWING COMPANY
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I'm Asleep on My Feet

Continued from page 19

need is more iron," said the doctor. But I never had his prescription filled. Instead I wore heavy socks to bed after that and my feet felt much better when I woke up each morning.

It was not until I was married that I began to get reliable reports on my sleepwalking.

One night soon after the honeymoon my wife awoke to find me out of bed and making quite a row. She turned on the bedlight and found that I was groping my way around the room apparently searching for an exit.

She led me back to bed, then stayed awake the rest of the night, afraid to go to sleep lest I start another walk.

But after this had happened a couple of times she got used to it. "It's quite simple," she explained. "You have a suppressed desire. Your subconscious is urging you to escape before it is too late. But what your subconscious doesn't know is that I've already caught you. So it may just as well relax."

Somnambulists are of several types. Some merely talk, laugh, weep, or toss about restlessly in their sleep. Children are given to sleepwalking more often than adults. But sometimes the first outbreak of sleepwalking takes place as the child reaches sexual maturity.

Most sleepwalkers have a persistent, unconscious desire of some sort which their subconscious tries to make them carry out. In ancient folklore the full moon is credited with a mysterious influence over sleepwalkers.

Some modern psychoanalysts say that this is pure superstition and that sleepwalkers are attracted by moonlight only because in childhood a light at night meant protection and comfort; the child's mother usually turned on a light when she came to see that all was well.

The sleepwalker who wakes easily seldom gets into serious trouble. The urge that activates him most often is the simple desire to go to the bathroom. But some psychiatrists attach great sexual significance to sleepwalking. In European literature there are several stories in which the heroine, in her sleep, is driven by her unconscious desire into the arms of the hero.

In some cases of sleepwalking the victim's subconscious seems to attempt to remind him that he can have no real rest until a certain worrying task is finished. He is driven out of his comfortable bed to a floor or a hard wooden bench.

You Can Tie a Foot Down

This happens to be my special form of somnambulism. In the midst of a long and difficult piece of work I spend a lot of time sleeping in strange and uncomfortable places. One night I woke up on the hearth of the living room fireplace, using the fire screen for a comforter. Another time I woke up in the swing on the front porch, huddled under a doormat. Recently I woke up just as I was curling up on a work bench in the basement. Sometime I'll probably wake up twined around the chandelier.

There are people who go into a state of automatism, a condition related to somnambulism. At times their muscles perform feats of strength and endurance impossible in a waking state. Others fall into catalepsy; in this condition they are not asleep but in a dreamy state which holds them rigid and insensible.

Somewhere between the extremes and the mild sleepwalker who merely dreams he hears the phone ringing and

gets up to answer it, there are somnambulists who endanger their lives by climbing onto the roof to do a tightrope act on the ridgepole. Or who climb out of a hotel bedroom and walk a 10-inch ledge umpteen stories above the street.

These unlucky people have to take precautions to stay in bed or to be sure they wake up when they try to get out. Some of them tie a cord around one foot and tie the other end to the bedpost.

Ludwig Ganghofer, a German writer, tells in his autobiography how he developed into a sleepwalker while at a boarding school. He was terrified lest his schoolmates discover his peculiarity. He took a length of yarn which his mother had given him to darn his socks and tied the yarn from the bedpost to one hand. In the night, as he was about to wander again, the pull of the yarn wakened him and after that he was cured.

But when I took a piece of yarn out of my wife's sewing basket and tried Ganghofer's trick it didn't help me a bit. I either broke the yarn or untied it. When it came to untying knots in my sleep I was almost as good as Houdini was awake.

My wife heard about a sleepwalker who woke himself up with children's jacks.

That night, after I had snoozed off, she got up and scattered some jacks on my side of the bed. She was certain she had solved our problem.

It Stunts Your Social Life

The only trouble was that I didn't walk in my sleep that night. But next morning when I woke up and headed for the bathroom I stepped squarely on one of the jacks. I let out a yell, grabbed one foot and jumped on another jack. In the ensuing excitement I fell over a chair and received contusions, lacerations and a nosebleed.

But my wife remained firm in her conviction that jacks were a cure for my sleepwalking. But she was wrong. For a somnambulist is a fox. His subconscious is busy warning him about things like jacks on the floor. Next time I went sleepwalking I tossed a blanket across the jacks and went on my way.

Most sleepwalkers, I have found, get lost in strange surroundings. Once out of bed and walking in their sleep their minds seem to forget the floor plan of their host's home. They try to find their way back to bed according to their own home floor plans and usually end up in a strange bedroom or sleeping in a strange and uncomfortable spot.

Once some friends of ours invited us for a week end at their summer place in Pennsylvania's Pocono Mountains. The very first night I went to bed with my wife but woke up in bed with our friends' daughter. Fortunately, she was only six. But we have other friends with daughters who are much older. I don't dare sleep at their homes. Anyway my wife won't let me. Besides we never get invited.

When we were hosts instead of guests strange things happened, too. After we moved to Hollywood my somnambulism was complicated by insomnia. I had to take long, tiring walks to get to sleep, then after I fell asleep I'd get up and start walking.

Often I'd retire to our guest room where I could toss and turn without disturbing my wife. It wasn't long before I was spending more nights in the guest room than in the master's suite.

One night we stayed up late and I knew there would be no insomnia for me that night. But sometime during

the night I rose in my sleep and headed for my other bed in the guest room.

No one knows just how long it took the wife of our house guest to discover that she had two men in bed with her instead of the usual one. But came the dawn she started screaming.

My wife came charging to my rescue. She did her best to explain. Then she took me back to the bed where I belonged.

I guess my wife is the only woman in the world who goes around telling people how funny it was when she found her husband in bed with another woman.

This brings up the fact that in law somnambulists are not responsible for their actions while somnambulating. Not that it is exactly healthy for a sleepwalker to go around crawling into the wrong beds with the wrong people. But there have been cases where a man's neck was saved by the law because he was a somnambulist.

Don't Forget Your Matches

In 1870 a man in the U. S. accused of murder tried to introduce testimony that he was a somnambulist and had fired the fatal shots while asleep. The judge refused to allow such testimony but a court of appeals reversed the guilty verdict and the defendant was eventually freed.

All the somnambulists I have ever talked with have one experience in common. We get out of bed in our sleep, wander around for a while and then, if we wake up, we are lost. It's happened to me time and again. I come to and don't know where I am. It's as dark as the inside of a night watchman's pocket and I don't know how to find the light. Being lost in the dark is, at times, most terrifying.

I once awoke in a darkened hotel room—my own room but a strange one—in Des Moines and couldn't remember where I was. I searched for what seemed like hours. I felt my way around all four walls without finding a single opening of any kind. Soon I was befuddled and frightened. It was worse than the worst nightmare I had ever had.

I crashed into a table and heard the "pop" of a light bulb as a table lamp hit the floor. That was like upsetting a canteen of water in the desert. I felt I was beaten and felt the first rush of panic. However, at that second I found a light switch and my sanity was saved.

When I told my experience to a friend who also walks in his sleep he nodded knowingly and explained that he had found a way to lick this problem. For years he had carried a packet of matches in his pyjama pocket.

For most sleepwalkers this is the answer—but not always.

Once, during a journey on the Super Chief, I woke up clad only in my pyjamas, three cars from my own. I had my matches in my pocket and I knew where I was but I had forgotten both my car number and compartment number.

The conductor never batted an eye when I told him I walked in my sleep. He didn't believe me, but he found my berth for me.

A chronic and constant sleepwalker should consult a psychiatrist. Sleepwalking can be permanently cured by getting to the root of the cause.

My advice to young and inexperienced somnambulists is to always carry a packet of matches in the pyjama pocket; in hotel rooms leave a light burning in the bathroom; don't sleep in a room with French doors leading to a balcony; on trains warn the porter to keep an eye on you; marry a tolerant woman. ★

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THE Windsor
ON DOMINION SQUARE
J. ALDERIC RAYMOND,
PRESIDENT

Old Warrior in the Winter

Continued from page 16

And just then Anthony Eden came in and took his place on the Opposition front bench. His face was flushed and his eyes were gleaming with an unaccustomed excitement. Turning around he said to us: "Have you heard the news? The Socialists are out in New Zealand."

The news tore through the blasé Tory ranks like a whiff of grapeshot. The Socialists opposite looked at us with puzzled faces. What in blazes was wrong with the Tories? What were they planning?

"Watch your chance on a supplementary," said Eden. "We ought to give the news to the House."

In vain we studied the questions yet to come on the order paper. Coal shortages, German industrial competition, house building, free dental treatment, riots in Nigeria . . . How could you announce an election result on the back of any one of these?

And at that moment there came some question about the United Nations to which the Undersecretary of Foreign Affairs gave a carefully vague reply. Whereupon a Socialist backbencher in his innocence got up and asked if it would not be a good idea to have a Commonwealth conference to consider the matter.

With something like an exultant roar tall, lanky Alan Lennox Boyd on our front bench jumped to his feet and cried: "Is this an appropriate time to hold a Commonwealth conference in view of the startling and magnificent result of the New Zealand election which . . ."

No one heard the rest, which was perhaps just as well. The Tories were shouting and waving papers in the air. The Socialists were shouting back but there was no smile on their faces. The public in the galleries leaned over and probably came to the same conclusion as the gravedigger in Hamlet, that there is no harm in being mad in England for they are all mad there.

My mind went back to some time toward the end of the war when the Opposition leader in New Zealand, S. G. Holland, and his faithful henchman, Fred Doidge, came to my constituency and were good enough to speak to some of my singularly enlightened constituents.

A Fillip For the Tories

Doidge was an old friend, having been circulation manager of the Sunday Express in its teething days when we could do everything with it except make people read it. "Why doesn't it sell?" Beaverbrook would demand. Doidge, like the good New Zealander he was, blamed the weather, blamed the public and even blamed the fates, but never said what was obviously true—that the editorial contents, for which I was responsible, were not to the public's taste. We never dreamed then that the stubborn Sunday paper would some day reach a weekly sale of nearly 3 million copies.

After many years of good companionship Doidge returned to New Zealand and entered Parliament. Now he will doubtless prove a powerful minister in the new Government. Certainly I never sent a cable of congratulation with more pleasure in my life.

Rightly or wrongly we Conservatives in Britain were immensely invigorated by the news. As I resumed my perusal of the few remaining questions on the order paper I was glad that I had not stayed at Brighton and listened to the gulls.

Ten minutes more to go and then the Scots would take over the Chamber and wage savage war on each other. Mr. Speaker called the name of the M.P. for question No. 67, whereupon a deafening roar nearly blasted me out of my seat.

Churchill had just been spied coming up past the Speaker's chair. He looked absurdly cherubic, like a baby who has never so much as tossed a saucer from his high chair to the floor, as he acknowledged our cheers. And even the Socialists were nodding and some of them were actually smiling.

"Anything new?" resonated the old warrior as he took his seat beside Eden. Then Churchill noticed Herbert Morrison on the front bench opposite. "Thank you very much," he muttered, and waved a benevolent hand in Morrison's direction. "It was very good of you."

Again the crowds in the gallery stretched over so far that they must have grown dizzy and watched the all-star cast of front benchers in their *sotto voce* exchanges while the Minister of Food explained to a questioner that from January 1 all free gifts of food from the Irish Republic would be banned.

Attlee was in his place and when the questions came to an end the Speaker called: "The Prime Minister."

Up got Attlee and stood at the dispatch box without notes. For once he was going to say what was in his heart, something which did not need Cabinet consideration or Cabinet approval.

The Sentiments Which Unite

"With your permission, Mr. Speaker, and with the permission of the House, may I offer the congratulations of the House to the Leader of the Opposition? Although in these days 75 is not a venerable age—people seem able to continue for several decades after that—yet 75 does mark a distinct stage in one's life. I am quite sure that we all rejoice to see the right honorable gentleman in full health and activity and wish him many more years."

It was not a great piece of English embroidered with wit or embellished with apt quotation. It was just a man of clean heart and inherent decency momentarily stopping the bitter controversy of contemporary politics to pay tribute to his political enemy. No one could have done it more simply or with greater sincerity.

When Churchill rose to reply the whole House joined in the ovation. Supporters, neutrals or opponents, we all saw the same man—the man who came to power in the blackest period of Britain's history, the man whose voice rang out in defiance to the enemy and kept alive the flickering candle of hope in Europe, the man who could not compromise with honor or do ought that was cheap or trivial.

"I most humbly express my thanks to the Prime Minister," he said, speaking slowly and quietly, "for the most kindly gesture which he has made to me. It brings home to me, as one of his wartime colleagues, how far more great are those sentiments which unite us than . . ."

We waited. Would he play to the emotions or, with his irrepressible humor and honesty, would he evoke laughter? With a twinkle in his eye he went on:

". . . the still quite important matters which are so often the occasion of debate in this House and out of doors."

It was so completely Churchillian that the whole House joined in the laughter. A lesser man might have said that it was the proudest moment in his life, or declared that Englishmen are

brothers, or even spoken in hushed voice of his advancing years.

But not Winston Churchill. Life to him has been so vivid a drama that he has never had to dramatize himself. Like the leading man in a play things happen when he steps upon the stage. Nor is he ready at 75 to look back upon the long, long trail of the years as one who has reached the summit and has no farther to go. He is still of a questing spirit, determined to seek the something lost behind the ranges, fascinated and challenged by the unfolding years ahead.

Bazaar at Hyde Park

He had been pleased by the note that Morrison sent him as he was pleased by the telegram he had received in the morning from Clem Davies, the Liberal leader. But he regarded the tribute of Attlee and his own reply as no more than the salute before the duel, or as two generals in a battle who declare an hour's lull in honor of some anniversary of a battle which the same sides had fought in a previous century.

"Mr. Speaker-r-r, Sir-r-r-r."

The questions and the niceties were over, the internecine warfare of the Scots had begun. Hurriedly we English and Welsh members made for the exits like civilians in flight from the front areas. Churchill walked to the smoke room where he sat down in his usual chair and chatted for half an hour with a few of us. On such occasion he does not choose his company, for we are all of one party and more or less of one mind.

And since no one reports what is said in that inner sanctum I shall merely say that the talk was good and that Churchill was in vibrant form.

While this was going on at Westminster the quiet dead-end street off Hyde Park where Churchill lives had been turned into something like a crowded Eastern bazaar. Messengers were arriving with parcels from the three corners of the world. Letters, telegrams and cables—an endless torrent. Many friends had called with gifts.

That night, as has long been his custom, Churchill gave a birthday dinner to his closest friends and to his family. His ebullient son, Randolph, and his ambitious son-in-law, Duncan Sandys, were there with their wives. So was his lovely daughter, Mary, and her ex-Guardsman husband. Winston's faithful henchman, Brendan Bracken, came from the House of Commons; and Anthony Eden arrived for coffee. The table was candle-lit and there was plenty of champagne.

Yet Winston Churchill cannot escape the leafless trees that mark the winter of life. When planning this birthday list of old friends he said: "How the circle narrows . . . how it narrows with the years." He had sat in Parliament in the brilliant days of Joe Chamberlain, Arthur Balfour, Lloyd George, Asquith, Birkenhead, Grey, and the oratorical roughriders from Ireland. One by one he has watched them depart into the mists while he marches on, almost alone of his political generation.

How the circle narrows . . .

* * *

It would have been a lovely day at Brighton for the skies are friendly there and the salty air of the seaside gives life to tired arteries. And after all it was only Scottish day in the House and there was really no necessity to go.

But, on balance, I am glad that I went. ★

Cross Country

BRITISH COLUMBIA

THE City of Vancouver will save \$6,000 on its gasoline bill this year, thanks to the discovery of a former gasoline station attendant of a way to underbid the major oil companies for the municipal contract with gasoline which those same companies supplied.

Norbert Dawson Holliday, 33, who bagged the contract by quoting lower than five big concerns, makes no secret of his secret. The companies bid the standard commercial rate—23 and 25 cents a gallon, plus tax, for regular and premium gasolines. Holliday got a wholesaler's license, can now buy his gasoline from the majors for 21 and 23 cents a gallon. In his tender to the city he was able to quote 22 and 24 cents a gallon. His profit on 600,000 gallons a year: about \$6,000. This won't buy the \$7,000 truck he'll need to deliver it. "But," he says, "I'll have the truck, and there are other years."

THE PRAIRIES

Don Greene, instructor in remedial English at the University of Saskatchewan, dictated to 94 freshmen a short dialogue. When he checked what they had written down he was appalled.

Some of the results: 61% misspelled words they were supposed to have learned in grades two, three and four; 18% failed to distinguish between



YOUNG ESTONIAN DP. On Gaelic soil she'll learn English (see Maritimes).

"too" and "to"; only two of the students didn't make some error in the use of the apostrophe; more than half of them mixed up "who's" and "whose."

Judged by American standards, said Greene, the English standards of Saskatchewan high-school graduates are "down in the basement." He called their grade 12 diplomas meaningless.

ONTARIO

In September, Toronto Red Cross workers preparing for a mock "disaster study" at their headquarters suddenly found themselves confronted with the real thing when the cruise ship *Noronic* burned at her dock with a heavy loss of life.

The coincidence struck again last month. During a disaster study session the workers had to lay away their notebooks and rush to the Don Valley where a transcontinental train had collided with a freight. The Red Cross team of nurses, first-aiders and welfare workers was the first on the scene.

QUEBEC

Dr. Maxwell Dunbar, assistant professor of zoology at McGill University, brought back word from the North that the Eskimos of Ungava Bay are in dire need of dog meat. And not just for their dogs—for themselves, too.

Seal meat is the staple of the region for man and dog alike. Due to the decline in recent catches the Eskimos are suffering malnutrition and are in grave danger of starvation.

Dunbar is anxious to find a substitute food to save the Eskimos. One suggestion: that they be taught how to fish for cod.

THE MARITIMES

Is the crow as black as he is painted? On Prince Edward Island the Dominion Wildlife Service is going to put him on trial for two years.

Up till now the crow has been regarded as a villain to be shot on sight. He was accused of preying on the nests of migratory and song birds. But recent surveys on the Prairies turned up a verdict in favor of the crow, especially in grasshopper areas where cutworms were a problem. If the tests on P. E. I. show that he does more good than harm he may get a new lease on life.

* * *

When David Wilson was an UNRRA officer in Germany, handling homeless DP's in their bleak camps, he often thought back sadly to the deserted farms of Pictou County, N.S., where he had once taught school.

When he heard of a group of Estonians who wanted to establish a handicrafts centre in Canada he started the machinery going that has resulted in Marshdale, in Pictou, becoming a little Estonia.

Not long ago, one rainy night, the first group of 37 Estonians arrived. Awaiting them at the train were scores of local people to give them a warm welcome. Also awaiting were gifts of clothing, tools, furnishings and toys, sent by kind-hearted people from all parts of the county. And above all, awaiting them were eight trim new two-room cottages on Wilson's own farm.

More Estonians arrived, more houses are being built, workshops are being made for the handicraft operations.

Where once the Gaelic prevailed the Estonian tongue is now heard. But it won't be for long—the new arrivals are working hard at their English, and the first children to arrive started public school after Christmas, following an intensive grounding in the new language.

"It's wonderful," says David Wilson.

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How I Robbed a Bank

Continued from page 5

I wasn't going to get myself caught. We'd set the time for 1:30 that afternoon. My pals—I'll call them Morgan and Lang—wouldn't be at my place for hours. I got shaved and dressed and fidgeted around looking out the window at the congested suburban shopping district where I had my room.

I put in half an hour fixing up a mask out of a black silk scarf I found in an old trunk. It gave me a queer feeling, rummaging around among all the stuff I'd collected during my life—even some things I'd carted around with me since I was a kid.

The worst time came when the guy delivered the guns, a skinny, scruffy little ex-con Morgan had lined up. He was to lend the guns for a small cut of the take. That's the way the guns are obtained for most jobs.

I stuck the guns into a leather brief case of mine and tossed it under the pull-out couch like a hot potato. It was a good hour before I felt like taking the guns out and looking at them. There was a .32, a .38 and an old Western .44.

I was no thug. I'd come from a good family, had a good bringing up. I'd just drifted, partly through drink, partly through a quick-tempered reaction to tough breaks into trouble that had ended with a bad business deal and a three-month stretch. That was enough to get me having a few beers with guys like Morgan and Lang. But it was too late to change my mind now.

Morgan arrived around noon and Lang a few minutes after with the car. Morgan was a middle-sized man of around 60 with wrinkled, leathery-looking face and sad-looking brown eyes. He was the expert—an expert who'd spent about 30 years in jail!

"We Got Guns, Haven't We?"

Lang was a taxi driver who was out on bail for holding up a coal company, a stupid-looking beefy guy, a lot younger than Morgan, with small, close-set eyes and a big jaw.

Morgan perched on the edge of the couch, still with his hat and coat on, and said to me: "Everything ready?"

"Sure. I'm ready."

"The guns here?"

I nodded and pulled them out of the brief case.

"Okay." He turned to Lang. "You go and get the license off the car. Take it around the lane behind here. Dave and I'll polish up these guns."

When we were rubbing the guns down to get rid of any finger prints Morgan said: "I still think we should have grabbed a car on the street."

It was an argument Morgan and I had gone through before. But I'd figured that stealing a car would be just piling up chances of something going wrong and I'd talked him out of it. Lang had borrowed his brother-in-law's car on the story that he needed it to see about an out-of-town job.

The car wasn't the only point Morgan and I had argued about. He'd wanted to lock the bank staff in the vault, but I thought they might smother and I didn't want to pile up chances of a murder rap. I didn't like his idea that we could phone later and tell the cops they were there. I didn't want to give the cops any more leads than I could help.

Now I wanted to get something else cleared up—something important.

"What happens if there's trouble? I mean, shooting."

"We got guns, haven't we?" Morgan answered.

"I don't want a murder rap hanging over me."

"Who does? Nobody's going to put up a fight. Those guys want to live, too. It's not their money."

"Maybe. But we oughtn't to use those guns if we can get out of it."

Morgan looked at me a long time as if he was trying to figure out how some guys get so queer. Then he said, "So what do we do about it?"

"Leave the shooting to me. If there is any."

Morgan shrugged. "Okay."

If it was to be a choice between a bank employee or myself coming out dead I'd made up my mind that it wasn't going to be me. But I didn't intend anyone to get killed if I could help it. I knew that if the going got rough Morgan would start shooting at anything that moved.

When Lang got back we went over our plans again. We'd picked a small branch bank a few streets north of where I lived because Morgan had said it was so close to a police station no one would ever think anybody would be screwy enough to pull off a job there.

That was the only idea Morgan had that worked out right. Any cops reading this can make a note of it. Not that they need worry much. It takes more than one good idea to get away with holding up a bank and hold-up men are only good for about one at the outside.

"I Remembered My Grandfather"

The other reason for picking a bank so close was to make it easy for me to case. I'd been casing it for a couple of weeks, feeling so jumpy that it had been all I could do when anyone looked at me to keep from just stopping and staring back.

I'd dropped into the bank three times when it was crowded to change bills, standing at the end of the teller's lineup and studying the layout. I'd found that the busiest time was around noonhour. The Brinks armored car came every day at 11. The bank had a staff of three, but there was always one person out to lunch between 12 and 2.

We agreed now that we wouldn't go in if there were more than two customers in the bank. Lang was to stay outside in the car. I was to take care of the manager in his office. Morgan was to go right for the teller and make him open the vault.

We slipped the guns into our pockets, pulled on gloves, tucked our masks down under our overcoat collars and stood there for a few seconds looking at one another, all wondering how the other guy was going to take it. Then we went out to the car.

When we pulled out of the lane I had one last moment when I nearly panicked. I kept thinking of things from my boyhood, when I lived in a white colony in the Caribbean, going to boarding school. I remember thinking of my grandfather, a retired magistrate, and the way he used to sit by the coal-oil lamp after supper, cutting up his rope tobacco and telling my brother and me that the next best thing to being good was to confess your wrongs and take your licking like a man. Then we came to the bank; from then on I thought of nothing but making sure there were no mistakes.

We circled the bank three times. Twice there was someone standing near it. The third time the street was deserted. We pulled up in front of the bank. Morgan and I, our masks beneath our overcoat collars, our guns in the inside breast pocket of our coats, strolled toward the door.

There was just one customer, a stout man of about 40 with horn-rimmed glasses and a bowler hat. He looked toward the door casually and turned

back to the teller again. Morgan opened the door. I went in after him. The second we were inside the door, we pulled up our masks and drew our guns.

From then on I moved as if I were in some kind of trance. One part of me moved by instinct—the same instinct that makes you jump out of the way of a car. All my senses were focused on the job. I could see the whole bank at once, I could see Lang outside in the car, I could see a dozen things that might go wrong. I felt like a coiled-up spring.

"Get Your Hands Up!"

But in another part of me, some part down beneath my senses, my thoughts, there was a feeling I'd never known before—a feeling of being alone. I was looking at a building like any other building, at people like myself, but I was looking at them across a gulf a million miles wide. I was on the opposite side to ages of human tradition, man-made law, biblical law. I didn't think all that then. I felt it. It was a feeling that I got to know well.

Already something had gone wrong. The manager, instead of being in his office, was behind the back counter. I saw him stare at us, a stocky, red-faced guy with grey hair, and watched him drop behind the counter. I stood there wondering what he was going to try. Morgan reached the teller's cage in a few steps.

"Get your hands up and back away from that drawer," I heard him yell at the teller. He was making sure the teller was out of reach of any alarms. The teller, a thin kid of about 18, turned as white as a ghost and did as he was told.

The customer stuck his hands up too. It would have been like an SOS if anyone on the street had looked in at us. Morgan ordered them to drop their hands. He jumped the gate instead of opening it and began prodding the teller toward the vault.

Then the manager came up from behind the counter over near the vault with a gun leveled at me and a funny kind of frozen grin on his face.

I knew this was it. The thing I hadn't wanted to face. I had my own gun down low with the butt pressed into my belly.

I yelled, "Drop your gun!"

There was an explosion. I don't know where his bullet went. I know I thought it went through me. I can see the muzzle of the gun yet, and it still looks about six inches wide to me. I remember, too, a feeling of surprise.

He fired again. This time I heard glass crash behind me.

"Drop your gun or I'll let you have it!" I yelled again.

He was getting set again with the same funny grin parting his lips. I stopped thinking. Something was trying to kill me. I squeezed the trigger. I kept squeezing it until the gun was empty. After, Lang told me that the firing sounded like a machine gun.

I saw my bullets rip into the counter and the wall. I saw one tear into the manager's hand, heard his gun drop and saw him go down behind the counter.

By now the place was full of smoke and I heard people running out on the sidewalk. I wanted to get it over with. I wanted to get out in that car. But something kept me there, moving mechanically toward the counter where the manager had dropped.

Morgan came out of the teller's cage, saw the manager reaching for his gun again, walked over to him and shot him twice, once through his shoulder, again through his thigh.

Maclean's Magazine, January 15, 1950

Then another customer arrived, a woman in a brown coat and green beret. She came in the front door with her passbook in her hand, took one look at Morgan, at me, and the smoking guns, and you could hear her suck in air. Lang, who'd left the car when he saw her head for the bank, came up behind her and told her to go right inside and stand still. She did.

Morgan and I jumped for the vault. It was locked! Morgan prodded the teller over to the vault and told him to do his half of the combination. Then the manager dragged himself over to work his half, but his hand was smashed and bleeding from my bullet.

The three of us stood there watching him fumble around with his bloody fingers.

I heard Lang, back in the car, rocking it back and forth ready to take off in any direction. I figured he was losing his nerve. I went to the door with my gun in my hand and a mask over my face and yelled over the heads of half a dozen gaping people: "Stay where you are!"

When I went back the vault was still locked. "Let's get out of here," I said.

Morgan and I ran for the teller's cage, scooped up all the loose cash, stuffed it into our overcoat pockets, and broke for the car.

Lang was going almost before we were inside. "Anybody killed in there?" he stammered.

"No," I said, but I wasn't so sure. I couldn't get the manager off my mind. I didn't want to talk. I just wanted to get away—fast.

Lang drove us along a side street, down to the main street and doubled back to the apartment.

We parked the car in the lane and went up to my room. It was all over—20 minutes from the time we'd left the room. I couldn't quite believe it. I felt queer and as if I'd been dreaming. I wish I had been.

While Morgan and I divided the money three ways the best we could without counting it we sent Lang out to put the license plates back on the car. He was in a hurry, and excited. He bolted on the front plate and got one bolt in the rear plate, but he couldn't find the other bolt. So he left it.

Morgan hopped a streetcar and started for home. Lang was to take the car back to his brother-in-law's and return the guns. Before he left I warned him not to go near the intersection where we'd pulled the job.

The End of the Trail

"The corner will be crawling with cops," I told him. "Keep away from it. Take a long circle around."

Lang nodded and left.

Why I'll never know, but he drove right past the intersection. The funny part of it is that he would have gotten away with it except for that missing bolt.

A motorcycle cop happened to notice the rear license hanging down and pulled up beside Lang to tell him to go and get it fixed before he lost it.

As soon as Lang saw the cop he tossed up his hands and said, "You've got me."

That must have been one puzzled cop. But he played safe. He told Lang to drive to the station. Lang had got partly out of the car. When he got back in he knocked my brief case out on the street. The cop didn't see it. But an old lady tapped the cop on the arm and pointed to it.

The cop picked it up, felt the weight and opened it. He whipped out his gun, tossed Lang a pair of handcuffs

Continued on page 46

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Continued from page 44
and made him handcuff himself to the steering wheel.

In the station, when the cop told his story, the sergeant, on a chance shot, said to Lang, "We're booking you on a charge of murder."

Lang blew then. "I didn't do it," he blabbed. "I wasn't even in the bank. It was Morgan and Dave. I was out in the car all the time."

A few minutes later while I was looking for a couple of inside pieces for "The Last Journey" my door was kicked open and I turned around to see six detectives standing in the hall, all with guns pointed at my head.

I thought I'd known what it was like to be scared. I had a lot to learn. I sat there afraid to breathe.

One of them told me to get my hands up, quick. I did. I stood up. Then another of them smashed me in the

face and knocked me right across the room onto a couch. He crossed the room, grabbed me by the collar, dragged me halfway over the table and held me there with my face plastered into the tabletop while the others went through my pockets and clapped handcuffs on me.

That was the end of my adventure in crime. I decided then and there that if this was an easy way of making a living I'd had enough of it. I'd taken everything into my own hands and I'd made a mess of it.

I laid around in jail for four months while the police pinned together the case against us. At the trial the bank manager, whom we had put in hospital for long, painful weeks, amazed me by going to bat for me in a way. He got me clear of an attempted murder charge, really, by stating he did not believe I had intended to kill him.

The Sport That Kills

Continued from page 9

spot in the noggin of Doyle . . . It is possible—quite possible, I fear—that Doyle could be seriously and permanently harmed by another thorough lacing."

A few hours later Robinson sent Doyle crashing to the canvas on his head to end an eight-round beating. Seventeen hours later Doyle was dead of a cerebral hemorrhage.

But the risk of becoming punch-drunk is far greater than that of being killed. A fighter doesn't have to be knocked out or suffer a skull fracture to become punchy. Pinpoint hemorrhages or other damage to the brain may be caused and yet not be outwardly apparent, even to the trained physician.

That is why the routine physical examination which is made of every fighter the day he is to fight is of limited value. It also explains why it would be extremely difficult to devise effective safeguards for fighters, even if boxing commissioners were inclined to try, which they usually are not.

The condition known as "punch-drunk" results from injury to the brain, causing loss of mental powers or bodily control. The symptoms of this condition are similar to the symptoms of other brain conditions, especially the inflammation of the brain known as epidemic encephalitis, the paralytic condition called paralysis agitans, the advanced stages of syphilitic infection, brain tumors and other forms of brain injury.

Jimmy Turned Down \$50,000

Some punch-drunk fighters deteriorate to the point of insanity. This has happened to some outstanding men. Terrible Terry McGovern, who was the idol of the Irish-American fight crowd and holder of two world's championships, fought his way right into a mental institution.

It was the fear of becoming punch-drunk that made Gene Tunney and Jimmy McLarnin, the Vancouver newsboy who was twice world's welterweight champion, forsake the ring as soon as they had stacked away sufficient money.

When McLarnin quit he was offered \$50,000 for one more fight, in Australia. He turned it down. As his opponent would have been a comparatively soft touch for the hard-hitting McLarnin a sports writer asked why he had spurned such an easy way of making \$50,000. "Some stumblebum might clip me with a lucky punch and blind me or leave me punchy. No

thanks, I'm happy with what I've got," replied Jimmy.

One of the most tragic figures I ever encountered in the fight game was a hopelessly punch-drunk, partially blinded ex-fighter named Ted Moore.

Ted was perhaps the greatest fighter England had developed since the bare-knuckle era. In the ring he grossed half a million dollars. He died during World War II, still in his 40's, broke.

Moore's face had been beaten into a monstrous distortion. The nose had been hammered flat and bashed crooked. His pulverized lips were permanently swollen so that he spoke in a scarcely audible mumble.

He was subject to incredible lapses while speaking. He would often break off in the middle of making a point to ramble on about an entirely different subject.

If the fight racket doesn't leave its mark on a man either by destroying his body or his brain—as it did with Ted Moore—then the chances are it will make a 14-carat bum out of him.

Invariably the beginner is fired by intense, almost fanatical ambition. I haven't met the fighter yet who at the start didn't honestly believe he was going to be the next champion of the world.

Back of this ambition usually lies a terrible hunger for money, for, remember, most fighters spring from the slums, or at least from working-class families.

All of them have an idol. In Vancouver their idol is Jimmy McLarnin. When McLarnin quit the ring he was famous, in perfect health and wealthy (an estimated \$250,000). The youngsters who idolize him seem to reason, "If McLarnin, a Vancouver boy, could do it, so can I."

At best this is suicidal reasoning. The kids are forgetting that McLarnin is not merely an exceptional Vancouver boy, but one of boxing's great exceptions. As a fighter he is in a class with the Dempseys, the Leonards and the Ketchells. As a fighter who handled himself sensibly in and out of the ring he and Tunney are in a class by themselves.

Even when a lad is lucky enough to get a slice of big money he often gets carried away and flings it around like crazy.

But 99 of every 100 kids who enter "the game" become ham-and-egg club fighters. They get their lumps in the ring at \$25 or \$50 a beating and then often get chiseled out of half of it by an unscrupulous manager.

Are all managers unscrupulous? No, but those who are not often have other failings. Many of them are of low intelligence and, apart from anything else, are incompetent and so incapable

I was sentenced to 20 years in the penitentiary for my part in the job, but I got the maximum time off for good behavior and served 12.

So I've learned a lot of things, things I'd like to tell the youngsters I see hanging around the street corners today. I sometimes try to give them a steer, but I can't get what I want to say across to them.

I'd like to tell them something they've heard before—with a new angle that they might be able to understand. I'd like to tell them that crime doesn't pay, even in dollars and cents.

Hold-up men, as a class, aren't very bright at figures. Even the few that get away with it don't do as well as if they went to work.

Or did I mention that after Morgan, Lang and I counted the money we each had a little under \$300? And we had it for about 10 minutes. ★

of protecting their charges from the dishonesty which has become inherent in the racket.

In the big-time, which in boxing means New York, gangsters muscle in on the ownership and management of promising fighters. One of the most feared men in the New York racket is a gambler and racketeer named Frankie Carbo, alias Paul Carbo, Frank Tucker and Jimmy the Wop. In last 25 years he has been arrested 11 times and has served one term in Sing-Sing. He has owned several famous fighters.

"There's No Amateur Boxing"

The fantastic buildup of Primo Carnera was master-minded by Owney Madden, gangster and Sing-Sing alumni. Carnera made \$641,000 and was robbed of it by the Madden gang. Having met the amiable, simple Carnera I can imagine how easy this was.

Hector MacDonald, whom I mentioned earlier, was managed by a member of Madden's mob, although at the time Hector was unaware of his manager's sinister background. The night Hector won the Pacific Coast lightweight championship, back in the 30's, he was whisked out to Madden's palatial Los Angeles home and told his next stop was Madison Square Garden.

Because Hector was a minor his manager obtained a power of attorney. Hector's ring earnings were banked by his manager and after each fight he'd give the fighter \$500 to send home, and from time to time, he'd give him \$50 or \$100 for spending money. In this way Hector was swindled out of a large slice of his earnings. When he demanded an accounting his manager pulled a gun on him.

Though there are plenty of unsavory characters in the fight game in Canada the big-time gamblers and racketeers are mostly confined to the U. S., and especially New York. This is because few Canadian fights are important enough to warrant heavy betting.

If our boxing is to be reformed the first step we should take is to set up a national boxing commission, backed up by the law. There is a Canadian Boxing Federation but boxing men call it a farce.

As I pointed out at the beginning the trouble with boxing is that it is no longer a sport. And my own opinion is that it is virtually impossible to legislate it back into a sport once more.

The tendency is all the other way, in fact. Even the Ontario Athletic Commission allows boxers to be paid \$35 a fight without jeopardizing their amateur standing. The fact is, of course, that there is no amateur boxing.

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So-called amateur boxers are merely grossly underpaid professionals.

In Vancouver, Jack Henderson, secretary of the Boxing and Wrestling Commission there, has introduced several rules for the physical protection of fighters that might well be copied elsewhere, but which are of limited value even to Vancouver fighters when enforced only locally. One of these prevents a fighter from boxing within three months after being knocked out. Another makes it mandatory for a referee to stop a bout after a fighter has suffered three knock-downs in a single round.

The National Boxing Association (U. S.) two years ago demanded medical checks with modern equipment, and introduced suspensions for rule-breaking managers.

These rules, of course, don't strike at the roots of boxing's ills.

A national boxing commission, through its local branches, should keep tab on the records of all fighters and have the power to ban those who are becoming obvious punching bags. (The thought occurs to me, though, that if such a situation came to pass fight cards would consist entirely of main events. No preliminary boy, except a beginner, could pass that test.)

More important, a national commis-

sion—and even the local commissions which now exist—should have supervision over the contract a fighter signs with his manager. The traditional contract calls for a 33½% cut for the manager after expenses are paid. I think this is too high; and the fact is managers often get far more than a third.

With this in mind I went back to Billy Townsend, the Vancouver man who fought the bloody battle with Santiago.

Billy fought at the same time as McLarnin and at one time ranked right behind him as No. 2 contender for the welterweight crown.

In one year Townsend fought nine main events and two semiwindups in Madison Square Garden and earned \$50,000 clear. He got \$12,000 for fighting Billy Petrolle, the Fargo Express.

Today he is a laborer for the City of Vancouver. "Easy come, easy go, and back to the pick and shovel," he said to me, with a shrug.

I asked Billy if he had any regrets. "No, not a one," he said. "You know, I'd rather fight than eat."

And as long as fighters feel like Billy Townsend the hangers-on in the fight game will continue to eat well while the eager kids do the fighting. ★

You Need a New Budget For 1950

Continued from page 7

consolation: the low-cost foods are just as nutritious as the fancy qualities. In fact, food chemists point out that the lower grades of beef, which come from grass-eating livestock, actually boast more of some important vitamins than the luxury grades supplied by stall-fed corn-fattened animals.

Nor should any budgeting family overlook the savings available in canned meats during the summer when fresh meat is so expensive. Many people have the idea canned foods are not as nutritious. Under modern packing methods canned meats and other foods retain virtually all their nutrients.

Don't get the idea I am blithely consigning moderate-income families to a dry-beans living. These budgets are a compromise. They try to represent realistically the national standard of living; what my Canadian families have to live on. (The average industrial worker's pay is \$44 a week.) Within the bounds of realism my budgets do try to show how to distribute present income to buy a maximum living.

Even the lowest-income budget presented with this article allows \$4.50 a person for food. When the Welfare Council of Greater Toronto last September made a budget for a family of five it kept food down to about \$4 a person. This, the council said, was minimum, but could supply adequate nutrition. Peter Alapas, who wrote the council's report on its budget, lived on it with his wife and child for two weeks and found it both sufficient and capable of variation.

For the entire budget the council estimated a city family of five would need about \$50 a week to maintain health and decency.

But for a moderately comfortable living, a notch above the subsistence level, a Canadian family of four in a medium-size town really requires about \$60 a week at current costs. That's considering you don't have some advantages like a house bought before the war which provides both low shelter and a kitchen garden.

A family of three requires about \$50 a week, a family of five about \$70, and a couple without children can do it on \$40. These estimates are based on a formula generally used by budget experts: living costs for two are about 65% of those for four; for three, about 84% of the bill for four, and for five, about 115%.

These costs will run a little higher in the larger cities, especially in Montreal, Vancouver, and Saskatoon, where prices have outpaced the rest of Canada.

Like meat, butter's price has ascended higher since 1946 than have wage earners' incomes. Fortunately, restrictions on margarine were eased last year in some provinces so this alternative is more available. But many budgeters will have to do some spadework on their families' prejudices.

I once tried a taste test on the dietitian of a big hospital. She was a real food expert. I brought out two pats of magarine on separate plates and asked her to tell which was butter and which margarine. She nibbled and tasted back and forth, forth and back, and finally exclaimed, "That's the butter!"

Prejudices aside, margarine's nutrition is actually more dependable than butter's; its quota of vitamin A doesn't vary with the seasons.

Some families consume heavier quantities of table fats than they need anyway. A man who does heavy work, or an active teen-ager, needs thick slabs of butter or margarine to slow down digestion. But a chap who sits at a desk all day doesn't need to further retard his juices.

Heavy spending for commercially baked desserts is another frequent leak in food budgets. You can generally bake things at home for one third to one half the store price. Our model food allowance of \$5.50 a person requires that most of the desserts be prepared at home.

If you're finding it hard to tie together both ends of a budget you might also scrutinize your insurance expenditures. Many families spend as much as 10% of their income just for insurance, but get little solid protection because they disperse their coverage on too many members of the family, or



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1. Concentrate your insurance on the life of the breadwinner, not his wife, child or maiden aunt. That's the primary purpose of insurance.

2. Consider buying low-cost renewable term insurance instead of the more expensive straight-life or endowment policies. Term insurance, especially for young families on moderate incomes, provides the most protection in case of death for the least money.

3. Pay your insurance on a half-yearly or yearly basis and you'll find you can save as much as 11% over the monthly system of payments and much more over weekly payments.

Home furnishings is an area where we've cut down our comparatively model budget as against actual spending experiences of Canadian families as found by the Government's survey. Part of the cost moderate-income families pay for equipment often is the extra charge for installment purchases. Budgeting's big value is that it reserves money each week for the inevitable replacements, so when you have to buy you can trot to the store with dollars clutched in your hand and get yourself a nice low cash price.

Father's Clothes Cost More

The \$60 budget for four presented here permits a fair wardrobe, even though cleaning and repair bills are counted in the allowance of \$7 a week. Such maintenance is estimated to take about 10% of the wardrobe budget.

Except for food, clothing costs have leaped more than any other item in your bill for living, so a woman who can sew pyramids her savings these days and can have a good laugh at our clothing budget. It's funny that in an age of mass production home sewing saves so much, but it's a fact that the cost of materials and trimmings for a woman's dress generally is only about half the ready-made price, and

for children's things it's sometimes only a third.

Anyway, even without home sewing of any extent our sample clothing budget of \$7 allows the woman of the family such basic items as four dresses and three pairs of shoes each year, and the man five shirts and two pairs of shoes a year and a new suit every 15 months.

It's popularly believed it costs more to dress the woman of the family. But a recent survey by U. S. Government agencies, confirmed by other budget authorities, revealed most families spend more on the father's clothes than on those for a housewife-mother.

Take a typical family of father, mother, boy of 13 and girl of 10, on our allowance of \$7. Pop's clothes would cost \$2 a week, or about 28%; Mom's, about \$1.70 or 25%; the boy's, about \$1.90 or 27%; the girl's about \$1.40 or 20%. As with all standard budget figures there can be many deviations for individual and necessary causes.

Except for the \$80 budgets, and the family of three with \$60, these budgets won't work a car, but do allow at least a one-week vacation for all but the \$45 family of four. They also include ordinary entertainment and community expenses, such as movie, church and club contributions, a daily newspaper and a magazine twice a month. Any education expenses must come out of the "Recreation and Advancement" pocket of our budget.

The allotments of 4% to 6% for medical care are fairly typical of actual spending experiences of Canadian families and include medicines and eye glasses as well as doctor, dentist and hospital care.

The "Personal Care" item represents the things the wife buys to make herself beautiful and the husband buys to keep from looking too shaggy: finger waves, haircuts, toilet soaps, tooth paste, cosmetics, cleansing tissues, and so on. I haven't skimped on this item in the sample budgets as much as I could have. It helps the morale of a budgeting family if they at least feel well-groomed.

I haven't separated insurance and

savings, not because I consider them the same thing (they should not be confused with each other), but because the amount of insurance needed is a highly individual matter. A man with small children needs more than one with older children. A breadwinner without other assets such as a paid-up house or some nice green bonds will need more insurance than a chap with them.

Tracking down the Bucks

It would be nice if my 1950 budgets showed all the families saving 10% of their incomes, as budget experts like to recommend. Donald Gordon, former deputy governor of the Bank of Canada, estimated not long ago that Canadians are now saving about 10% of their incomes as compared with 5% before the war. That, of course, includes well-to-do families who save much more than 10% and bring up the average. Ten per cent is a desirable target, but difficult below the \$60-a-week bracket. But notice how the percentage of saving zooms (or should) on the \$80 budgets.

All you really need do is first keep a record of your spending for several months to see where you may be going overboard. Then set up a tentative budget similar to those on page 7 but reflecting your own preferences and special needs. Continue the record of your spending to see that you don't veer too far from your plan, and to determine when and where revisions may be desirable.

Notting down your expenditures soon becomes quite automatic—no bother at all—and seeing where your money goes becomes increasingly interesting and illuminating.

It's smart to have every member of the family participate, and to give all, even the children, their own allowances (no matter how small) for the things they must buy. You'll find your family much more co-operative in keeping the budget if they help plan it rather than having it imposed on them.

And a little co-operation is a great help in a time of record living costs. ★

Tallyho Toronto

Continued from page 10

hunting and you don't is a—an indication. That we haven't much in common. Hunting's only one thing. There'd be others, cropping up all the time. No, my dear."

Tom said, "Wh-what you really mean is—there's somebody else."

"That doesn't follow."

But her face was averted. Bernie, who knew women, had grave misgivings.

JUST then hoofs thudded in the lane south of the summer house. A horse went by, burdened with a lean, determined-looking rider.

"Hi!" Sue called out. And to Tom: "Mr. Sippyn's our Master of Foxhounds."

Tom grunted.

"Oh," she waved irritably, "you'd better go. Since you don't care for the things I do, or my—"

"Now that," sang out a third voice, "is a brilliant idea. And you were just going, weren't you, Tom?"

The interloper—he'd approached unnoticed by Bernie, the wind being in the wrong direction—had black hair, black brows and too full lips that curled slightly. He wore riding breeches. He was, decided Bernie, an assured and possessive young man.

"Bannister Bode!" cried Sue. "How nice!"

He laughed noisily. "Skip the act, kid! I told you I'd be over this afternoon." He turned to Tom. "We had a date."

Bernie withdrew his head. This guy was bad business. Worse, if anything, than Sue Garwood. Bannister Bode, a young, active and vociferous member of the hunt, his name was anathema in certain four-footed circles. He seemed to have dedicated himself to the destruction of fox life. And Bernie's first impulse was to depart hastily. But after all a triangle was a triangle—intriguing. The case of Tom and Sue was important to him. He took a chance.

Bode, ostentatiously, began peering around the gazebo. His attitude aroused Sue's curiosity. "Bannister, whatever are you doing?"

"Oh," he grinned, "just trying to see where Marvin put his fancywork. He doesn't hunt or shoot, you know—must do something."

Bernie perked his ears. This was an important moment. Tom Marvin wouldn't let him down.

"Yeah?" said Tom. "Well, step out on the grass, you lug, and he'll do a little tattling on that classic face of yours."

"With pleasure." Bode seemed avid.

But Sue was between them. "Sit down, Bannister! Tom, can't you take kidding?"

"Not from him." Bernie heard

Marvin's teeth grinding. "I... aagh, I'm bailing out!"

Bail he did, followed by a derisive snicker from Bode. But he hadn't gone far before Sue shouted: "Oh, Tom, I forgot! We're having a little party Friday night! You'll come, won't you?"

It took him a moment to answer. "Thanks."

Bannister Bode, whose round it seemed to be, threw a punch after the bell. "Yes, sweetheart," he roared. "Come by all means! But be a good boy or Uncle Bannister will knock the tar out of you."

Bernie was pleased that Tom did not reply to this ponderous witticism.

CONTINUING to the chicken house, Bernie gave the matter some thought. It didn't leave his mind even when, from the sanctuary of tall grass, he decided that the Garwood fowl hostelry was a crib laughably easy to crack.

But a chicken coop was one thing—a three-cornered heart affair involving the Highest Form of Animal Existence, so-called, quite another. Bernie finally concluded that such as himself had better not mix into this business. Still it was regrettable that Bannister Bode, the *bête noire* of every fox in North York, should walk off with a lush number like Sue Garwood.

Then, on Saturday morning, the very - very - underground grapevine brought disturbing news. At the

Garwood had access surrounding Bannister Bode in stormy situations acquiring them.

"Further information, taking the He's going to forget. It will be surprising building afternoon Sue and flashing Sue's fingers the Hot to Union brood a we (this Dutchmen)

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Garwood party the night before Sue had accepted a diamond completely surrounded by platinum from Bannister Bode. For another, she'd had a stormy scene with Tom Marvin after acquiring the loot. And Tom had quitted the Garwood preserves forever.

"Furthermore," ran Bernie's information, "young Marvin swears he's taking the New York train tonight. He's going south of the border, to forget. But this column would never be surprised if he felt the necessity of building up for the trip a little, in the afternoon. You see, he'll be thinking of Sue and Bannister, that happy twain, flashing over the fields. He'll likewise think of that hunk of ice, flashing on Sue's finger. And if he doesn't drop in the Hotel Royal York (convenient to Union Station) to have a drink and brood a little before taking the train, we (this column) are a couple of dumb Dutchmen."

This intelligence gave Bernie furiously to think. There seemed, however, little that a fox could do about such a situation.

And yet . . . Bernie shook a highly aware head. To be sure, he'd have sketchy material with which to work. Simply the facts that (a) he'd have sworn to the proverbial heart of gold beating under Sue's deceptively hard-bright exterior, (b) that Bannister Bode, manifestly not a student of Socrates, exhibited a marked tendency to overreach himself.

So if an esoteric golden heart could be made to tick properly and a facility for going too far subtly encouraged . . . aah, he was dopey. Just, despite his wide reputation, a dopey fox.

Which was why, when the hunt rode out in all its proud magnificence, Bernie arranged to be the fox nearest to the sniffling snuffling noses of the abominated hounds—dogs, rather.

FOR A time, just to make it look good, he let these inferior intellects get nothing but tantalizing whiffs of himself. Meanwhile he studied the riders. There indeed was that Hound Master, Mr. Sippiny, all brewed into a pink coat. More important Bannister Bode, wearing a confident smirk on his handsome features, showed. And as close to Bannister as a girl on horseback can get—Sue Garwood, trim in riding habit and with sun-colored hair tucked severely under a little black hat.

Their presence was all that Bernie wanted to check. He broke cover.

Momentarily he circled, with some impudence, before the very noses of those dimwitted dogs.

Belatedly the hounds set up a baying fit to awaken John Peel in the morning. An instant later came a tallyho and a view halloo and a general hullabaloo. Bernie neither paid attention nor felt apprehension. Contrariwise, he grinned. These boys and girls were going for a ride today. And it was himself who would take them.

He set off toward Highway No. 11, sometimes known as Yonge Street.

He wanted a good start and he got it. Across country he made bums of the dogs. A hundred yards from the highway, with Simcoe - Muskoka - bound traffic flooding thickly north and not much proceeding south, he even waited a second, to make sure that those clucks could follow him.

They could. The hunters, however, had slowed and drawn together, to discuss the novel idea that never before had a fox led them over this particular ground. The conference was short-lived, because of Bannister Bode.

Bernie, whose hearing was acute, heard Bannister issuing edicts. It didn't matter, quoth Bannister in Bull of Bashan tones. When he hunted foxes he hunted them, though they chose to

skip along telegraph wires. So if this animal elected Yonge Street, so what?

Consciously Bernie had wasted valuable time. The hounds were close now. But he'd had to be assured that the hunt wouldn't call the whole thing off.

Seeing that wasn't to be, he went into a relaxed float to shame Mel Patton and debouched into Yonge Street.

He got between the ramshackle truck of A. Munsterhall, Plumbing & Heating, Leaside, Ont., and a jalopy with an Ohio license. Neither was hitting it up especially. So Bernie jogged along, estimating his capacity.

Pacing himself carefully, he went through Richmond Hill. In that metropolis his presence aroused certain comment. Such as:

"Oh, Mommy!" exclaimed one, Billy Blatz, from his gocart. "See the funny dog!"

"That ain't a dog, you little dumb-bell," corrected Mrs. Blatz. "That's a cat."

Damned insult, thought Bernie. But he forgot it and breezed to Thornhill.

JUST south of Thornhill, a community now mildly surprised, an interruption occurred. A car, property of the Ontario Provincial Police, came screaming. Bernie ducked into a field and doubled back through it a couple of hundred yards, the better to hear the law's views on these proceedings.

"Hey!" The law was decreeing. "This won't do, you know."

It spoke unto a formation of reined-up riders. And although it was Mr. Sippiny's prerogative to explain the presence here of his friends biped and quadruped, Bannister Bode beat him to the figurative rostrum.

"Why won't it?" he demanded.

"Because," said the law, without notable logic, "it won't. Disturbin' of the—uh, peace."

"Now listen!" Bannister raked the official with hypnotic black eyes. "To begin with there's been no real peace since 1914. Secondly, can you state offhand the conditions of either a provincial or national statute covering the pursuit of legitimate quarry down Highway No. 11?"

This rocked officialdom, which scratched its head. "Well now . . ."

"Obviously you can't," Bannister cut in, triumphantly.

"Bannister," breathed Sue Garwood, at his elbow, "you're wonderful!"

"Ha!" puffed Mr. Bode. "Routine. Let's go!"

THE chase was on again. Bernie skipped back through the field, shot obliquely in front of the bewildered hounds and set his mask for Steele's Avenue.

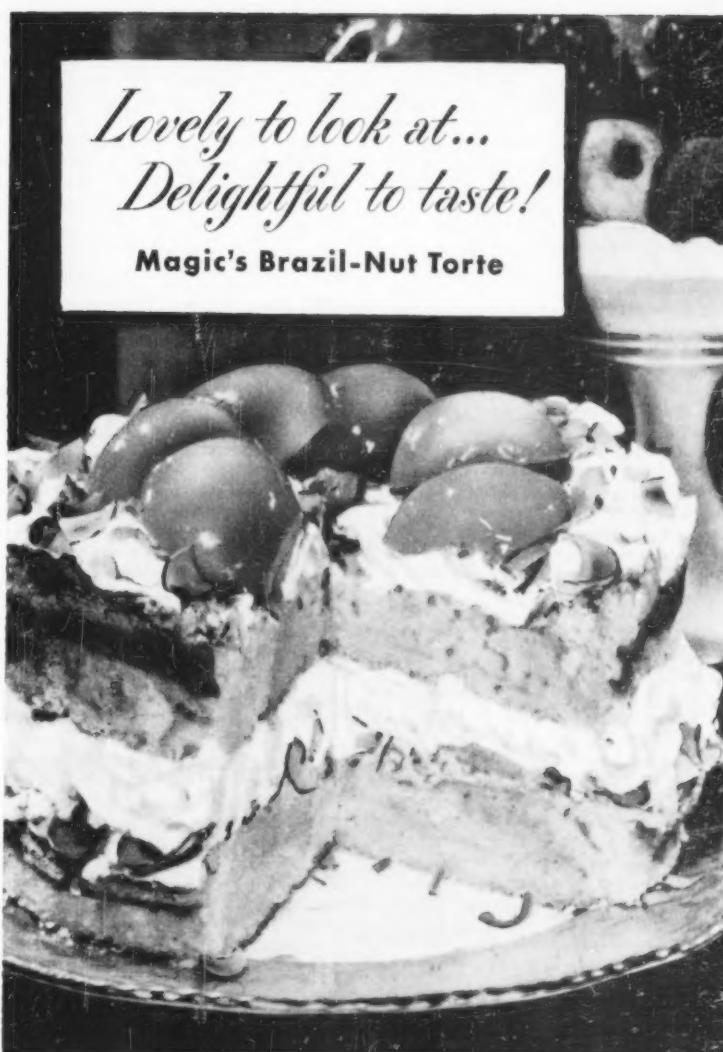
He had underestimated his own strength. He'd intended to pause in that neighborhood and rest. But arriving there, the hounds strident in his rear, he still felt pretty fresh. Armour Heights or bust, decided Bernie, and did a little plain and fancy running.

Those dogs were good stayers. They hung hard at his heels as he switched off Yonge Street and crossed the viaduct toward Avenue Road. And, hounding the hounds, came the horses. Bernie concluded that he had better lay up for a while.

Hence he veered to his right and entered the nicely manicured grounds of a Mr. Artemus K. Sebastian.

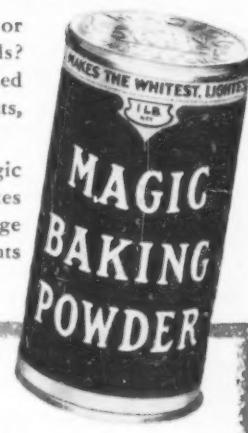
By then the dogs were practically breathing down his neck. But, rounding the Sebastian house, he saw a screen door carelessly ajar. Through it he whisked and pushed the door. A satisfying click sounded in the face of a peculiarly loathsome bleary-eyed canine who had drawn slightly ahead of the pack.

Nuts to you, brother, grinned Bernie,



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MAGIC'S BRAZIL-NUT TORTE

- | | |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 2 cups sifted cake flour | 1/8 tsp. salt |
| 2 tsps. Magic Baking Powder | 1 tsp. vanilla |
| 1/2 tsp. salt | 1/8 tsp. cream of tartar |
| 4 tsps. shortening | 1 cup fine granulated sugar |
| 4 tsps. butter or margarine | 1/2 tsp. vanilla |
| 1 cup fine granulated sugar | 2/3 cup thinly-shaved or chopped |
| 3 eggs, separated | Brazil Nuts |
| 2/3 cup milk | |

Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder and 1/2 tsp. salt together 3 times. Cream shortening and butter or margarine together; gradually blend in 1 cup sugar. Beat egg yolks until thick and light; add to creamed mixture, part at a time, beating well after each addition. Measure milk and add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture about a quarter at a time, alternating with three additions of milk and combining lightly after each addition. Turn into two 8" round cake pans which have been greased and lined on the bottom with greased paper. Beat the egg

relaxing behind expensive copper screen-
ing.

Aloft in this establishment Mrs. Sebastian had just emerged from her bath. She wore a fetching midnight-blue peignoir with white dragons dragoning around it, and high-heeled slippers. She looked like a million bucks, on the high hoof. She also looked out of the window.

And fell, gasping, upon the telephone.

It took some time. But she finally located Artemus K. Sebastian. A. K. was in the locker room of the Lambton Golf & Country Club Ltd.

"Arty," said Mrs. Sebastian, "come home! There are some queer characters in pink coats on horseback on the lawn and a whole mess of dogs playing hob with the shrubbery."

Mr. Sebastian, a man quick in the uptake, caught on instantly. "I get it, honey. Pink goats on horseback and dogs of queer character hobnobbing in the shrubbery. Well listen, m'lady! How many times I gotta tell you? When you see 'em pink, that's the time to lay off. Don't even finish what's left in your glass!"

"Oh-h!" Mrs. Sebastian stamped a dainty foot. "You're impossible! EEEK!"

Bernie, who liked to become thoroughly familiar with the ports-in-a-storm he selected, had just discovered her bedroom.

"There!" Artemus K. ejaculated. "I knew it. Keep on with that stuff an' it gets your stummick. But nev' mind. Take one of those amphogel tablets of mine in half glassa water an' you'll feel a new woman!" He hung up.

Mrs. Sebastian was not ordinarily a hysterical person. She picked up a hairbrush.

"Go away, you—you thing!" she fired the hairbrush, low and outside.

A silver shoe horn followed. That went to the right. Then a box containing bobby pins sailed over Bernie's head. Ball three!

But his hostess had turned to her dressing table, a gold mine of ammunition. Now she rubbed up a cold cream jar, a highly throwable object. And she was pretty certain to put the cripple over. Bernie got out of there.

He ghosted downstairs and from there it was just a breeze into Nature's wonderland.

HE MADE a nice landing and looked about him. There was that bleary-eyed dog, drooling over a zinnia bed. Clustered round him, likewise drooling, were his associates. For a second, busy with their slavering, they didn't see Bernie.

Then, however, the lachrymose-looking canine spotted him. He loosed off a bay to discredit the Hound of the Baskervilles.

Which was all Bernie wanted. He made a red smudge of himself.

Behind him the hunt stayed intact to Havergal College. There minor dissolution set in.

Two riders in the rear, fearing future criticism, pulled into the grounds of that institution and cravenly hid behind shrubbery until their companions had gone on. Then they went home, as inconspicuously as possible. But the main body bowled along nicely, despite comment from sidewalk and street corner, reaching the intersection of Avenue Road and Eglinton Avenue in good order.

At this point everybody got momentarily snarled up in traffic. Everybody, that is, except Bernie. Bernie kept his head and ignored the traffic. He was running strongly south of Eglinton by the time the hunt got straightened out.

Then there came an unorthodox pursuit. A cocker spaniel, an Irish terrier and a Scottie, residents of

Avenue Road, remarked upset conditions from their respective porches. Simultaneously they left home, yipping. Bernie coped with these amateurs by merely stepping on the gas. He jogged left around Upper Canada College, thinking that, what with the University of Toronto dead ahead, he was taking this crowd on the finest educational tour offered by the Province of Ontario.

IT IS unnecessary to describe the consternation that presently ensued at St. Clair Avenue, Dayenport Road, Bloor Street and other boulevards bisecting the route. Bernie entered Queen's Park still at large. So did the hunt although a few more members, thinking shame of themselves, had fallen by the wayside.

But in the park itself the cavalcade came largely to grief. Upon this enticing stretch of greenery a representative section of the citizenry had enjoyed, until now, a peaceful Saturday afternoon. There were bench-sitters, paper-perusers, grass-sprawlers, perambulator-pushers, kiddie-car-operators, yoyo-players, et cetera. There was also a variegated assortment of domesticated dogs. This latter classification began the virtual upsetting of the apple cart.

At Bernie's advent, with the pack roaring at his heels, these pedestrian canines set up a noteworthy clamor. Then they converged, en masse.

Lap dogs leaped from laps. Leash dogs broke leashes. Unattached dogs achieved an even greater degree of unattachment. Casual dogs came hastily from every point on the compass. They mingled freely with their robust country cousins, welcoming them, offering the keys of the city, but also taking their minds off the point at issue, i.e., Bernie.

Trailing the dogs by several lengths scurried owners and nonowners, curiosity-seekers, protesters, sympathizers, sport-lovers and some who intended to become simply innocent bystanders. But, whatever their individual intentions, they got in the path of the riders. And the riders pulled up sharply, to avoid mayhem and manslaughter. Horses reared, snorted; men in pink coats swore; men less colorfully attired swore back; women screamed and giggled; dogs vocalized. It was possibly the most interesting way in which the Queen City had ever gone into training for Sunday.

TO ADHERE to an original purpose in this melee and bedlam required sterling character. And, of all that splendid company originating on the playing fields of North York, only four souls had sufficient. Bannister Bode, Sue Garwood, Mr. Sippiny, M.F.H., and the dog with the teary eyes.

Hence as Bernie whisked out of Queen's Park, crossed College Street and entered the stretch, as it were, none except this quartet followed. It

followed well, though. Bernie had to hump it down University Avenue, and make a fast left turn into Front Street. But then the massive pile of the Hotel Royal York loomed. Bernie laid back his ears—ran the field into the ground.

At the main entrance of the hostelry there flourished a personage garbed after the manner of a general in the Nicaraguan Army. This imposing presence was just escorting an elderly dowager type into the hotel. His absorption in the task was great and Bernie recognized a heaven-sent opportunity to gain admission. He slowed to a refined walk. Neither the dowager nor the general ever knew that anything vulpine dogged their sedate heels.

Once inside, it was a cinch. The busy patronage of this busy caravansary was not scanning the floor for itinerant foxes. Bernie slipped through the lobby practically unnoticed. True, a bellhop did bellow, "Hey, lookit!" and a hat-check girl made a wild swipe at him. But he left these ineffectual people in his wake.

Presently he came in the cocktail lounge. And—sure enough! At a corner table sat young Tom Marvin. Not a drinking man, he had found Beer No. 2 difficult to handle. And when something small, warm and breathless leaped suddenly onto his knee, he took the brew gratefully.

"Well!" he exclaimed. "Where did you come from? You . . . you're a fox!"

Now what would I be, thought Bernie, a ruddy dinosaur? He had no time to think further. Because a voice, equal parts authority and confusion, stated: "No—ah, pets allowed in here, young man!"

Tom glanced up. So did Bernie. Above them towered the doorman.

As yet, Tom didn't know Bernie very well. But he certainly wasn't going to abandon any fox to the doubtful mercies of this cold-eyed individual. "Okay," he said promptly and, arising, carried Bernie from the room.

But Bernie knew this job was only partially accomplished. Bannister Bode had yet to be found, and given a chance to overreach himself. And Bannister, when last seen, was thundering east on Front Street. Accordingly, in Tom's arms, Bernie made straining motions toward the hotel door giving upon that thoroughfare.

"All right," said Tom understandingly. "Keep your pants on."

THEY went, to interrupt a conclave. Dismounted before the hotel were Sue Garwood, Bannister Bode and Mr. Sippiny. The weeping hound was there too, panting asthmatically. Spraddled across their way stood the doorman.

That dignitary was pointing out, majestically, that while the human element might conceivably enter here, three horses and one dog definitely could not. Or, if so, only over his defunct body. He ceased expounding at a sudden cry from Bannister Bode.

Maclean's Magazine, January 15, 1950

"Hey, you!" cried Bannister, and bulled by the general.

Concurrently the bleary hound observed Bernie, riding comfortably in the crook of Tom's right arm. He uttered a horrendous growl and sprang.

But Bannister Bode had appropriated this show and nobody was going to steal it from him. Hauling off, he kicked the bleary hound into an eavesdropping trash can.

"Bannister!" said Sue sharply. "I know you're upset. But must you abuse animals?"

Bannister ignored her and confronted Tom. "Gimme that fox!" he commanded.

"Why?" Tom asked.

"Why? I've ridden about thirty miles for that brush. That's why!"

"Oh," said Tom. "So you want a brush, do you?"

"Bannister," said Sue, "what are you trying to do?"

He turned on her, heatedly. "Trying! I'm going to wring this beast's neck. No fox can make a fool of me."

"You mean you'd kill that poor little creature? Right here!"

"Hey!" Tom addressed Sue. "I thought you went in for destroying foxes? In a big way?"

It was a spot for Miss Garwood. Tom looked at her questioningly; Mr. Sippiny doubtfully; Bannister Bode glaringly. But she faced them, and made her confession. "I hunt because I love the riding and the—the thrill of it. But if you want the truth, I've never been in at a kill in my life. Not really. I . . . oh, I've always just closed my eyes."

Aha, thought Bernie. I knew it. A hidden heart of gold.

But Bode fidgeted. "So!" he said gratingly. "A fake fox hunter, eh! Well, kid, you're in at a kill now, like it or not!"

Then indeed did Bannister overreach himself. He made a grab for Bernie.

Tom Marvin shot a lovely straight left.

It rocked Bannister's head back. Tom shifted Bernie, casually, to his left arm and crossed a right. Thereafter Bode reclined in Front Street, through for the afternoon.

A moment of hallowed silence followed. The doorman general broke it. Beneath his gaudily caparisoned and awesome exterior lurked an elfin sense of humor.

"Set 'em up in the other alley," he announced to the crowd which had gathered quickly.

But Sue Garwood was snatching the spotlight. She stripped something bright off a finger; dropped it upon the heaving recumbent chest of Bannister Bode.

"You," she shouted, at the doorman, "shut up! Mr. Sippiny, take my horse home! Tom, get a taxi—for you and me and that cute little fox. And as for you, Bannister Bode, there's your trinket! I wouldn't marry a—a monster of cruelty like you if you came on a silver plate smothered in watercress!"

THE young Marvins, recently married, live quietly in Forest Hill Village. They are liked by their neighbors and a credit to the community. And if, occasionally, they may be observed walking a most peculiar-looking dog on a leash, nobody cares.

And Bernie—well, in addition to everything else, Bernie is a bit of a philosopher. He knows that nobody can have everything. So he balances the fact that his present existence is somewhat confining against the almost untold comfort and security of same.

Still a very shrewd operator and a very smart guy. ★

NEXT ISSUE

Backstage with the Happy Gang

What are the players in the famous daytime radio show really like? Are they really as chock-full of chuckling joy when the mike is turned off? June Callwood got to know them as they really are and she tells you about them in a witty story of Canada's most famous air show.

FEB. 1 ISSUE

ON SALE JAN. 25

I Heard the Blues on the Danube

Continued from page 13

high-ceilinged rooms, we talk of Vienna, past, and of today.

First snow of the year drifts down by the porticoes and towers and archways, fluttering about the palaces and the lovely faded statuary. Incredible weariness seems to rest about everything. Only at the bombed State Opera are workmen busy at repairs. Elsewhere the ruins stand gaunt and deserted.

The main talk is of the State Treaty. A close second is the Occupation, spiced with stories, especially about the Russians. The underlying theme is the desperately high cost of living, the unavoidable black market and grey market—and the cause of it all, the Occupation costs.

These, paid by the Austrian Government, up to the beginning of 1949 had amounted to 4,750 million schillings. The Austrians I met feel this an unfair and unwarranted tribute to rich and powerful allies occupying their country. They point out that at numerous conferences of the Big Four it was decided and reiterated that Austria was not to be classed as an ex-enemy country and that therefore she would not be liable to pay reparations. But she's paying them.

Balkan-wise Hubert Harrison, now Reuters man in Vienna, quoted an Austrian friend to me. It seemed to cover the matter. This is what he had said:

"It is as though four friends who have admittedly helped you out of a very difficult situation decided to come to live in your house. You are very grateful to them at first and offer them the warmest hospitality. They take your best rooms, misuse your most valuable furniture, interfere in the running of the house and order your servants about just when you need them the most yourself."

"Some of them bring their own food, but others eat up all your best joints.

"One of them even brings rich gifts for which you are very grateful, but all of them hold noisy parties and force their attentions on your daughters. Some of them rape the maids and steal your valuables.

"After a few years of this they have entirely outworn their welcome. You become tired to death of their quarrels, noise and dirt, and want nothing better than to be left alone to run your house quietly in the way you want to.

"On top of the intrusion and the financial loss caused by their presence they actually have the cheek to present you with a huge bill for the cost of their stay with you."

Plump Russians at the Ballet

If the State Treaty finally goes through, as everybody in Vienna hopefully expected, it will mean the departure of occupation forces probably by late spring.

What the Russians think either of the prospects of the treaty or of the prospects of leaving Austria is their secret. However, in Vienna they tell stories like this:

An Austrian nun was crossing the zonal boundary from the British to the Russian zone. A Red Army sentry, seeing the nun telling her beads, asked, "What are you doing there?"

"I am praying for you," the nun replied.

"Why?"

"So that you will go to heaven."

"But I don't want to go to heaven."

the sentry declared. "I want to stay here in Austria."

The Russians have taken their occupation duties seriously. Although there is no intermingling socially you see more Russians on the streets than any other of the Allies, marching down the "Ring," sweeping by on their motorcycles, attending the ballet with their plump women with astonished eyes.

Their chief sport appears to have been kidnapping. Recently, so the Viennese tell it, Russian officers and soldiers were transporting an Austrian civilian prisoner across the city to Baden which the cynical citizens call "the first step on the road to Siberia."

As the Russian jeep stopped on the Philadelphia Bridge in the British sector to ask the way the civilian, though hemmed in between three officers, bashed a window of the jeep and scrambled out, shouting, "I am being kidnapped."

The Russians ran after him, struck him over the head with the butt of a submachine gun and dragged him back.

In the meantime an Austrian motorcyclist drew across the front of the jeep to stop it from moving off. In seconds a lorry driver had parked so as to cut off the jeep's retreat. Within minutes the jeep was completely surrounded.

A taxi driver crawled under the jeep and slashed two of its tires. A crowd of more than 1,000 surrounded the Russians, throwing stones, hurling abuse and demanding that the prisoner, now bleeding badly, be set free.

When one of the Russian officers, a colonel, drew his revolver and threatened the crowd, a woman knocked the gun from his hand.

Shacks in the Palace Yard

The noise and confusion of the mob by now had aroused official British attention. Ten fully armed troops of the East Yorkshire Regiment, with tin hats and fixed bayonets, marched up.

The crowd cheered. "Down with Russia." "We want freedom." "No more kidnapping." "Long Live England."

The British Assistant Provost Marshal, Major B. J. M. White, asked the Russians to allow the prisoner, fast losing blood, to be taken to the hospital. The Russians refused.

So Major White, unarmed, pushed the Russians aside, took the prisoner (whose trousers had been removed) and put him in an ambulance.

The Russians made no claim for the man. They ignored the incident in their papers and the radio programs they sponsor. The prisoner said he was Dr. Karl Sonderman, had been returning from a business trip to Germany when he was taken from the train at Enns Bridge and accused of being a spy. He'd shared his prison with some 40 to 50 people who had also been removed from the train in the last few days.

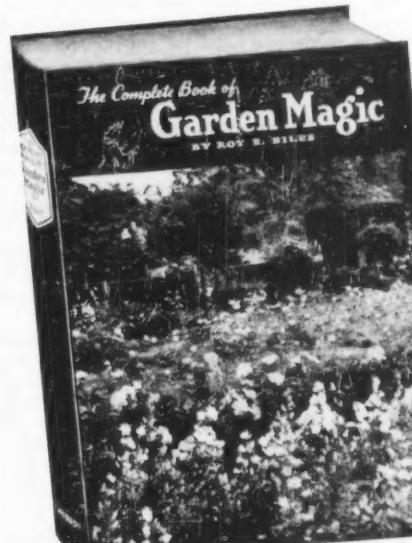
But these things have been seen before, have passed, and will pass again. Even in the grey November day the loveliness of Vienna comes through. The pockmarks of bombing somehow accentuate signatures of elder, more gracious ages in stone and marble and spire.

In this scene the Viennese look shabby. Many children wear suits made out of old uniforms, the beautiful women are lost with the snows of yesteryear, quite a few men are in the grey and green national costume which was popularized during the Nazi occupation as a sign of independence and now is worn for economic reasons. The stuff's thick and wears out less quickly.

In the early afternoon dusk I drive up to the Vienna Woods with a silent Austrian. We pass the houses of

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Grinzing where Mozart lived and Beethoven quarreled with his landladies, where Haydn composed the "Emperor" and Wagner thought of the idea for the Meistersingers. That heroic age of music seems very close here, in the narrow streets fronted by the old white-washed houses, with glimpses of autumnal gardens behind the high walls, while at the ends of the curving, cobbled streets the vineyards begin to climb in regular rows toward the woods and the hills.

As the car climbs the Kahlenberg you see how close to the land Vienna lies. Nearly half of the ancient city still consists of woods, farmland, or vineyards patterning the hillsides.

The silent Austrian begins to hum, "Wien, Wien, ja nur Du allein, Sollst die Stadt meiner Träume sein . . ." I oblige with, "I walk the Vienna Woods again . . ."

Shades of Hollywood, that mecca of Viennese culture, I think as we pass the crumbling, greying marble palaces with ugly tarred shacks set upon the terraced lawns for the homeless D.P.'s.

Yet the magic of the place is such that behind the bent, ragged figures of the homeless, grubbing among the woodpiles and the litter of their squalor, you catch ghostly glimpses of the grand dames in glowing satins and the swaggering figures of the Uhlans and the Hussars who not so long ago came out of candle-lighted

ballrooms to the moonlight of these same terraces.

On top of the mountain the wind blows harsh and strong, swirling a little snow from the mountains beyond. Here Polish Sobieski stemmed the Tartar tide, here on summer days the Viennese make love under the ancient trees. I come to the edge of the lookout — Leopoldberg topped with its mist-clad castle to the left—and at last see the Danube.

Far below in the valley the Danube twists, taking its tortured course between the castled mountains and the wooded hills, toward Vienna where already lights are beginning to spark on like fallen, faded stars. Drifting blue mists lace the river's shape, make it unreal—a river of the heart and a hundred memories keyed to a song.

I shiver there on the height, but I can't turn away. Danube so blue, so blue; from here, on this November afternoon, it is a silver blue, a painting of a song.

In the days that remain for me in Vienna I find the way beneath the crusty surface of the Occupation to that inherited gaiety and graciousness the Viennese have always been famed for. Still, I find, people gather in the coffeehouses (the ones not requisitioned by the Allies) for their favorite brand of coffee, though few can afford more than a cup throughout the afternoon. Still the waiters know the customers'

favorite tables and favorite newspapers. Still a poet will pen his sonnet on a napkin, or an author leave his unheated room to write a chapter amid the mellow rumble of conversation.

And, on my last night, the memory of that first *heuriger* fades. I go with some Austrians to another new-wine tavern and here, for a few hours, wars and occupations, treaties and household worries cease to exist.

As all the taverns, this is brightly lit; light wood and scrolled iron, gay. Two young men with accordions play to you all the old favorites, songs of Vienna and love and of a carefree summer night. The steins are lifted high and frequently and the golden amber of the mellow wine from the vineyards outside gets a connoisseur's going-over.

As always, everybody speaks to everybody else—it's *heuriger* privilege and no one would think to continue a *heuriger* acquaintanceship when morning comes. That would be taking advantage of a tradition. Princes and cobblers, countesses and parlormaids, have always sung and laughed so, together, when the new wine runs golden in Vienna.

We part in a coffeehouse in town as dawn begins to finger the sky, and walk through the echoing courts of Franz Josef's palace homeward. In the shadowed archways, by the old pillboxes, there seem to be stirring

shapes of the past, or perhaps just a couple pausing for a kiss on the long way home.

The gaudy huge picture of Stalin on the main wall of the palace facing the vast court, where Viennese for centuries gathered to watch the guard change, seems impermanent and without threat. The drowsy beat of horses' hoofs on the cobbles, the driver nodding on the high seat of the carriage and the lantern blinking, is an echo, too, of other ages.

For a moment we stop at the small, old church on Lightenthal Strass where Schubert was christened, where he learned to play that organ on which, later, he composed some of his melodies. There are a few people kneeling in the fading, candlelit dark. A shabby old woman, a young woman with a market basket, a blond young man in Tyrolean costume.

The 500 years of faith steal over you, and the stone is cold under your knees. It's cold, cold, in the old Roman church and the candles grow faint in the whispering draught.

Somewhere surely Schubert is fingering another song out of his own heart and his own sadness; surely, again, that song will come to echo from these waiting stones, surely it will ease the waiting hearts, and then, with spring, the winter's dragging days will leave us the Vienna of your young, good dreams. ★

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 16

was the widow of an M.P. who had died in 1913, leaving no estate to his family. The widow had been put on the payroll of the King's Printer at \$125 a month—she was not seen in the office of the King's Printer in her whole lifetime but she got her salary by mail. This was the "job" her sister wished to inherit.

These cases are not particularly secret. Most of the older M.P.'s know about them; none ever makes an issue of the practice, because they know this is not political graft. The few old ladies or incapacitated men receiving such help really need it, and it would be a very hard-hearted Scrooge who would have them tossed out.

But the principle of the thing is bad. Men who have spent their lives in politics, in working for democracy, shouldn't have to leave their families dependent on such backstair charity.

* * *

It's no accident, nor yet mere sloth, that Ottawa has no agenda for the federal-provincial conference. Ottawa's holding back deliberately, letting the provinces run the show.

Federal strategists think they were overprepared for the 1945 conference; maybe that's why it failed. The Green Book was more than a basis of discussion; it was a detailed plan worked out to three decimal places. The provinces felt that something was being shoved down their throats and, though the deal was pretty generous, they gagged just the same.

This mistake will not be repeated. Federal experts have done a lot of preparatory work, but for background only. They hope to have information ready to answer all factual questions. Beyond that, Ottawa will just provide a mute chairman.

Mute but firm. This is a conference on how to amend the B.N.A. Act. No irrelevant topics like tax agreements, unemployment assistance, old-age

pensions or relief works will be allowed to crop up.

That's why the autumn conference on these matters has already been announced. It will provide a convenient receptacle into which they may be swept when they appear, as they inevitably will, on the conference table this month.

* * *

Is Ottawa safe in putting off such questions until fall? Or are we likely to run, sooner than that, into an unemployment crisis that will force immediate action by federal and provincial governments together?

Ottawa's economic advisers say it's a safe bet. They are not the rosy optimists that Rt. Hon. C. D. Howe makes them sound when the Minister of Trade and Commerce delivers their stuff in the House of Commons, but they think we are all right for one more year at least.

On the whole, that is. In certain industries and certain regions they expect 1950 to be a tough year. But they think that for such localized difficulty Ottawa is already prepared.

"We're expecting a barrage of snowballs, not an avalanche," said one of the economic soothsayers.

They look for trouble first in the Maritime Provinces, and for the

immediate future they're concentrating on that area.

A few hundred thousand spent in one place, where trouble is acute, might do more good than millions spent on general, aggregate measures spread over all Canada," they say.

For the Maritimes, Ottawa already has a program of assistance charted that runs well over \$50 millions. Samples:

Direct aid to the Nova Scotia coal mines for mechanization, etc., \$10 millions.

Maritime share of the Trans-Canada Highway, about \$20 millions.

Bridge across the Strait of Canso, \$13 millions.

Bridge across Halifax Harbor, \$7 millions.

Shipping subsidy (which will be more for Maritime benefit than for anyone else, though it's Canada-wide) say \$2 millions out of the \$3 millions voted for all Canada.

Other national policies of direct benefit to the Maritimes are the tax concessions to shipbuilders, and the Forest Conservation Act which will probably mean federal aid in the building of forest roads through New Brunswick.

When all those jobs are done, or if they prove to be inadequate to keep up employment, there's still the Chignecto Canal as a far-off possibility.

Meanwhile, what about single industries or one-industry towns in central Canada, which may be hit by loss of export markets?

About most of these there isn't much worry so far. Canada's domestic market has gone up so much over pre-war that many a plant which has lost its export trade can still operate profitably by supplying the heavy demand for goods in the home market.

For such pockets of unemployment as may occur in otherwise prosperous regions, Ottawa is depending heavily on the housing program. Canada is building 96,000 houses this year, 90% of them for private buyers. Whenever the private demand falls off a bit, Ottawa has the machinery to take up the slack with publicly assisted housing projects. It takes about 2½ man-years of work to make a house—1,000 new homes in any community would keep 2,500 men busy for a year.

* * *

The other day a department head in Ottawa received a cheque from the Treasury for just one cent.

Weeks before, he had asked his staff to get him a copy of a report issued by the British Government in London. They sent the order to the King's Printer. The King's Printer sent it on to the agent in Toronto through whom he normally deals. The order went to London, duly percolated back through the same rather intricate channel.

Price of the report is twopence, so a cheque was issued for four cents. Then came devaluation, before payment had actually been made; the price had become approximately three cents, and so an order for refund was put through, and in due time the refund cheque—for one cent—turned up.

Cost of one copy of the report: three cents.

Cost of the bookkeeping involved: \$10 (estimated).

Luckily for the taxpayers, the Auditor-General has now taken the matter in hand. That kind of bookkeeping will not be pursued in the future. ★

NEXT ISSUE

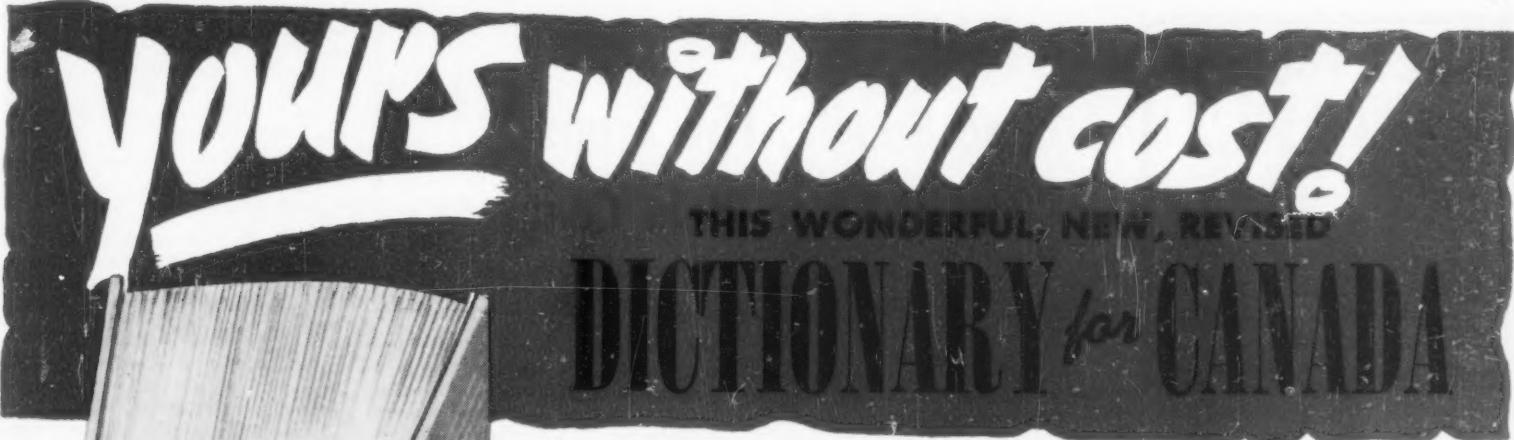
A Maclean's Flashback

Bob Edwards and His Calgary Eye Opener

In Bob Edwards' day, 40 years ago, nearly everybody read the *Calgary Eye Opener* although some of them hid it from the children. For Maclean's, Andrew Snadden tells the story of a lusty newspaper, and its writer, editor and publisher.

FEB. 1 ISSUE

ON SALE JAN. 25



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MAILBAG

Bad Smells, Fire Traps And How to Help Congress

We like Maclean's Magazine in this north country, but we do not like McKenzie Porter's article on Val d'Or ("Half Boots and High Heels," Dec. 1). From his description a stranger to the town would gather that Val d'Or is very much more a town of brothels and gambling joints than a town in which professional, business and mining men live, for the most part, a decent normal life . . . He evidently went nosing around for bad smells and found them as anyone can do anywhere. He gives these undue prominence, and institutions which make for sobriety, citizenship and general decency, such as churches, schools, hospitals, are given but a passing reference. The Morocco Club is given paragraphs, but the new \$400,000 high school, one of the finest in the province, only a few lines. The daily air service by the CPA between Val d'Or and Montreal is not referred to and no word of appreciation of the Kiwanis, Rotarians, Kinsmen, Boy Scouts, Girl Guides or the Police Athletic Association . . . —C. Armstrong Sales, United Church Minister, Bourlamaque.

—Gilbert Gessell, Principal, High School, Val d'Or.

● Please accept my most sincere congratulations for the good article in the Dec. 1 issue: "Val d'Or: Halfboots and High Heels." Being one of Joe Morissette's two sons concerned in the article I was interested.—Fernand Morissette, Joliette, Que.

Fire Dangers

In your issue of Nov. 15 was an article entitled "Stop This Fire Death Sacrifice" which contained a small paragraph relative to Saint John schools. This paragraph would give one the impression that the Saint John schools are fire traps . . . Some time ago an inspection was carried out by the provincial fire marshal, the fire chief for the city of Saint John, a representative of the New Brunswick Board of Fire Underwriters and the school board engineer . . . Many hazards were pointed out and recommendations made as to correction. These recommendations have all been completed including rate-of-rise fire alarm systems connected to the city alarm system.—E. L. MacElmon, Plant Superintendent, Board of School Trustees, Saint John, N.B.

● "Stop This Fire Death Sacrifice" should be placarded across Canada. I am writing this with 23 years' experience of fire fighting in the London fire brigade, through the ranks to station officer. I have only been in Canada two years, but have been appalled and astounded at the loss of life caused by fire.—H. Beardall, Atikokan, Ont.

For Benighted Congressmen

The article by Blair Fraser, "Where the Yanks Rule a Part of Canada" (Nov. 15), needs a much larger circulation. Surely there is some patriotic

ignorant and short-sighted individual who wrote to B.B. from U.S.A. This one letter is worth a whole year's subscription in my opinion. I have been in Canada for 42 years, and am proud to sign myself—"A Canadian and Old-time Englishman," Weston, Ont.

Ale and Art

Please give us some fiction that doesn't smell of cigarettes or taste of spirits. It is a very bad example to put before young people.—A. W. Reeder, Toronto.

**Odd Beauty**

I wish to comment on the very fine cover of Maclean's Magazine for Dec. 1 which could be entitled "Expectation." For a picture with such human interest artist Rex Woods deserves just credit. Then, lo and behold, I noticed that the girl's left hand holding the tray had six fingers!—R. K. Johnson, Sudbury.

Down With the Lash

It is high time that the facts concerning corporal punishment were openly discussed in Canada and I would like to congratulate Fred Bodsworth on his article in Dec. 1 issue, "Let's Stop the Whistling Torture."

You are wrong in one point, however—those who have to administer flogging do not always become sadists. As commissioner of prisons in a crown colony I had to supervise the infliction of the lash upon men and this has made me a very staunch opponent of corporal punishment.—E. C. Hamilton, Executive Secretary, The John Howard Society of Quebec, Montreal.

● I still think that men who violate and corrupt innocent little girls and boys, who brutally attack defenseless women, should be whipped and that thoroughly. In fact, though I am usually soft-hearted to folly, I could cheerfully do it myself.—Mrs. M. L. Holden, Winnipeg.

Worth a Subscription

I would like through you to thank Beverley Baxter for the splendid answer given in his "London Letter" (Dec. 15) to the (in my opinion) very foolish,

● Why must every fiction story contain some reference to beer-drinking among its characters? While we recognize the fact that drinking of intoxicants was never so prevalent as in the present age may I remind you that a large percentage of your readers deplore the present trend.—Mrs. C. M. Robertson, Goderich, Ont.

Every fiction story published in Maclean's does not contain references to beer drinking. Those that do are trying to reflect, truthfully, the lives of the characters the authors have created. To put drinking scenes into every story would be as great a distortion as omitting them from every story.—The Editors.

Old, Old London

Your London correspondent is hopelessly out of it, reckoning the age of London as a mere 1,000 years (Dec. 1).

There's no excuse for him. For at the N. E. corner of Westminster Bridge, opposite Big Ben, is a fine equestrian statue of the heroic rebel Queen Boadicea driving to battle in a pair-horsed chariot. It is on the records that this same Boadicea burned London to the ground in 61 A.D. at which date it had been in existence in some form or another for a century.—Arthur Harren, Victoria, B.C.



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WIT AND WISDOM



Justified Expulsion — The new baby proved to have very powerful lungs. One day his brother, aged five, said to his mother: "Mother, baby came from Heaven, didn't he?"

"Yes, dear," answered Mother.

The small boy was silent for a moment, then he went on: "I say, Mother!"

"What is it, dear?"

"I don't blame the angels for slinging him out, do you?" —*Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph*.

Even Money? — A big-time gambler had just died. The funeral was attended by his professional friends. In eulogy, the speaker said, "Spike is not dead. He only sleeps." From the rear came a voice, "I've got 100 that says he don't wake up." —*Edmonton Bulletin*.

Story's End — They said she carefully picks her friends, Right there the story ceases; It never tells the awful truth— She picks her friends to pieces. —*Victoria Colonist*.

The Nutcracker — The traveler in the railway carriage was eating a

large pastry with gusto. A few moments later he was doubled up with pain, and a sympathetic fellow traveler asked if he could help.

"No, thanks," came the reply. "My wife put some nuts in that pastry and forgot to shell them!"

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the fellow passenger. "And can you crack them by just bending your body?" —*Moncton Times*.

Simple When You Know How — A visitor to an asylum asked an inmate his name.

"George Washington."

"But the last time I was here you were Abraham Lincoln," the visitor said.

"That," said the man sadly, "was by my first wife." —*Canadian Insitico News, Hamilton*.

Live Dangerously — Diner: Bring me a plate of hash.

Waitress (walking over to speaker tube): Gent wants to take a chance.

Second Diner: I'll have some hash, too.

Waitress (picking up tube again): Another sport. —*Niagara Falls Review*.

JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

"But, dear, even the Encyclopaedia Britannica says we sleep in the winter."



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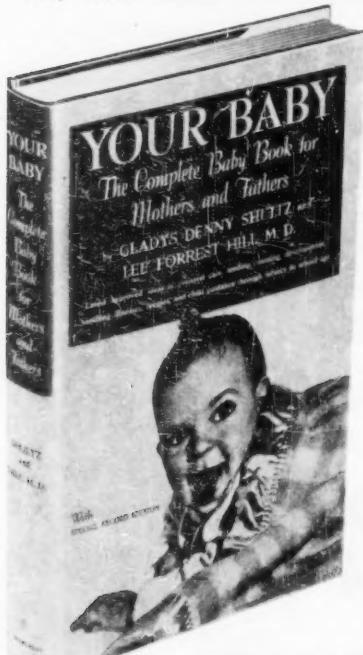
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BOOK WITH CARE

THE pilot of the Pan American Airlines Stratocruiser, inbound from Britain, had never before landed at Moncton's big trans-Atlantic airport, and he double checked everything with the control tower as he made his approach. Circuiting overhead he asked for confirmation of wind-speed, direction, visibility and reassurance that the Moncton field did indeed have 6,000-foot runways suitable for his huge aircraft. He was finally given clearance to land and his radio channel remained silent for a few minutes; then he came in again with "Pilot to tower—landing completed . . . which runway do I taxi in on?"

There was a moment's silence from the control tower before the operator reported in baffled tones, "You may be down but you're not on any of my runways!" And it was another 10 minutes before they got the poor fellow air-borne again from the abandoned wartime drome at nearby Scoudouc and safely pulled up on the ramp at Moncton.

The St. John Ambulance Association branch in Saskatoon holds training sessions in one of the city firehalls, an arrangement which has always worked out very handily until the other night when a fire alarm went off just as the enthusiastic bandage class had an obliging fireman trussed up like an Egyptian mummy.

Yes, said the wizened little East Indian in the wrinkled pants and shrunken jacket, he would be happy to help Vancouver's Police Court with a spot of interpreting. Yes, he understood English. And yes, he nodded vigorously, he spoke the witness' language too—Punjabi. So he was sworn.

The specialist translated the name of the witness, his address and other



vital statistics. Then the defense lawyer took over.

"Ask the witness," he instructed, "if he knows the accused."

The little interpreter nodded gravely and turned to the witness while the court waited to hear that difficult Punjabi dialect flow.

"Do you," he asked the witness in English, "know the accused?"

"Yes, I know him," was the answer, also in English.

The interpreter repeated this to the defense lawyer: "Yes, he knows the accused."

A slightly puzzled lawyer mumbled a polite thank you. "Now ask him if he saw the accused on the afternoon of June 26."

The translator asked him, once more in English. Back came the answer—in English. And the interpreter once more advised the court what the witness had said.

That's when everybody gave up and hustled the little specialist aside.

An Alberta old-timer rattled up to the local general store one day and dropped in for a chat with the



boys. After a time somebody said, "Must have met your wife on the road, did you? She just left here carrying a big load of groceries." A thoughtful expression crossed the old-timer's face and then he drawled, "Well, by doggies! I did think that woman I met there on the hill looked kind of familiar."

Druggist in the small Western Ontario town of Watford is located next door to the telephone exchange. He was surprised the other day when one of the operators burst in wearing her headset and mouthpiece. "Quick," she gasped, "—there's a long-distance call for you from Sarnia. It's that quiz program . . ."

"What quiz program?" the druggist interrupted blankly.

"Never mind—just listen to me," curtly ordered the telephone girl. Whereupon she briefed him hurriedly on the program, the product, the question and the answer, then fled back to her board to complete the call. Druggist got the twenty-five bucks just in time for Christmas.

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How long must this go on?

How many times did this happen to you last summer? Or this winter? It happens every day in the year, wherever roads and rails cross. It wastes millions of gallons of gasoline, and it wastes time. Appointments are missed. Tempers grow short. Impatient drivers try to beat trains to crossings, absent-minded people disregard signals, and far too many fatal accidents are the result.

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